An Inaugural Address *John Hersey*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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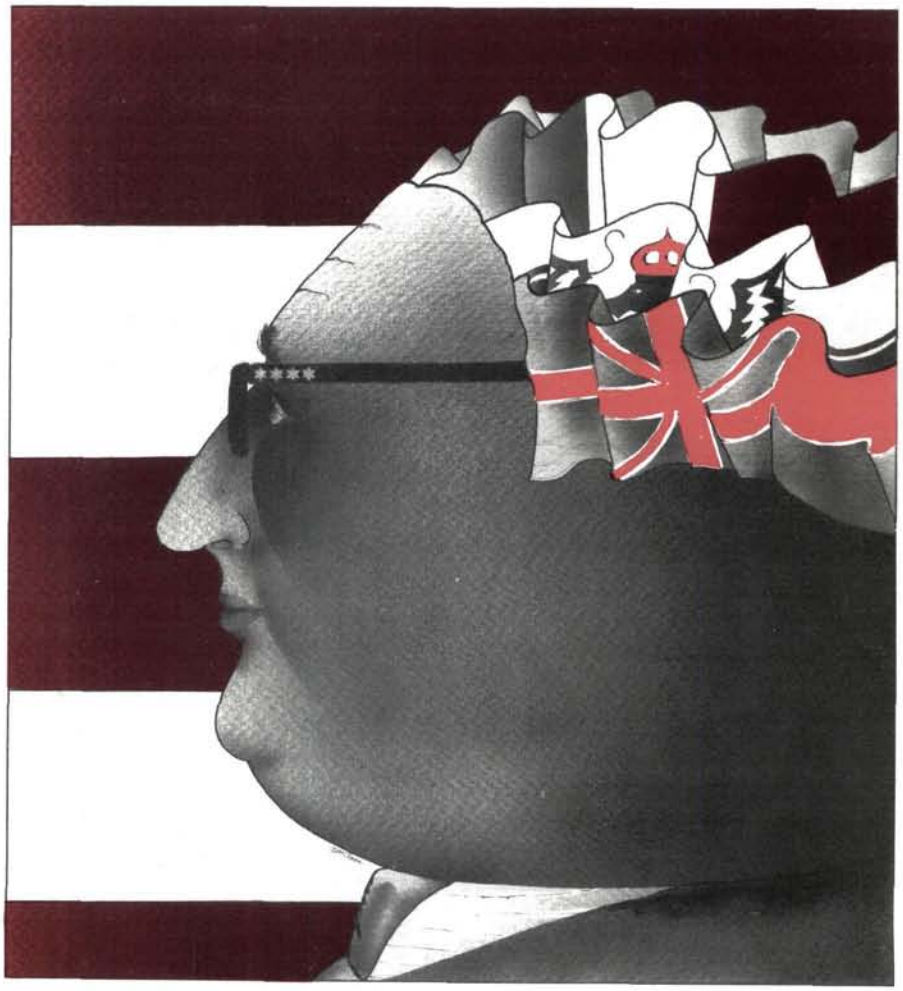

Assessing Kissinger
Stanley Hoffmann

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TRB

from Washington ®
December 11, 1976

Ghost of Malthus

An obscure Whig congressman from Illinois in 1848 attacked the Mexican War in speeches that his constituents thought unpatriotic, and he retired from public life, his career evidently ruined. Last week in Mexico City I found a quotation from the congressman (translated into Spanish) on the wall of the splendid history museum at Chapultepec Castle. "You will notice the author," said the guide, negligently. Who? Why, Abraham Lincoln, to be sure.

You always find out things about home when you travel abroad. A lot of officials from Washington came down to see the inaugural ceremony for López Portillo, replacing Luis Echeverria (for a single six-year term) and to enjoy watching the Mexican transition period come to an end. Then they returned to their own interminable transition period in the US. It is one of the most dangerous intervals in our government and ought to be shortened or abolished.

In Mexico City, Lame Duck Echeverria suddenly ordered the expropriation of 1.5 million acres in the Yaqui Valley and elsewhere for the landless peasants who have been promised the land for 40 years. It sent a convulsion through the already jittery country, and then after doing it Echeverria calmly left to his hand-picked successor, Portillo, the job of calming the storm. It was a wonderful example of what a lame duck can do if he wants to, and made some inaugural visitors from Washington ponder. Who is making policy now at home, Jimmy or Jerry? Fortunately President Ford isn't expropriating land.

As I went to my sightseeing bus in Mexico City a woman with a nursing baby and two other tots peeping out from the blankets where she sat on the street near the fashionable hotel, stretched out her hand for alms. The guide on the bus pooh-poohed it. Tourists shouldn't be deceived, he explained. Poverty in Mexico is exaggerated. Some women hire small children to sit beside them and make it look more pathetic, he said. He was a bouncy, jocular guide. Peasants in their thatched huts in the provinces are much better off than they seem, he assured the affluent Americans: they have valuables stashed away that visitors don't see. We must all be comfortable at the bull fight, he said: for 10 pesos we could rent a straw mat to cushion the hard seats, and sit in comfort while the animals were tortured.

Our guide got a big laugh, too, when he said, yes, Mexico has universal compulsory education—but it isn't enforced; not enough schools. One reason for the school shortage is the astonishing birthrate. It is one of the highest in the world. It is curious that neither *Time* nor *Newsweek* in their accounts of the Mexican land expropriation turmoil, and the devaluation of the peso, mentioned a basic fact underlying these problems: Mexico's population is running out of space and resources. Population has jumped to 60 million and at the present rate is doubling every 20 years. Yes, by 2000 AD, according to current demographic projections, there should be 132 million Mexicans jammed below the border. Only, almost certainly, this won't happen; something will give, first. Maybe they will enter the United States. The ghost of Malthus is watching with interest.

Population growth in the US has dropped to 0.9 percent; the world rate is around 1.9 percent; but in Mexico—a land whose area gives an exaggerated notion of its arable acreage, and where the distribution of wealth is desperately unequal—the growth rate is an amazing 3.2 percent. The population is young, too; the median age in the US is 29 years (and getting older), in Mexico is about 17. The fertility drive will be there for a long time. The poor are prolific. An American is sustained by a per capita gross national product of $5590; for a Mexican it is $740. Mexico is no pauper, of course; it has had a remarkable record of growth and stability recently, though in 1968 the army machine-gunned a political protest, killing 300. It has growing agriculture and industry, and a flood of oil. It also has a staggering outside debt of $20 billion and an undercurrent of social unrest. These landless peasants with seven or eight children look hungrily at the big estates in a land where the law theoretically forbids ownership of more than 250 acres each. Lame Duck Echeverria has turned the expropriation wolf loose; can President Portillo control it? He must also deal with what Leonard Silk of *The New York Times* calls "the worst financial panic since the revolution of 1910."

The problem hits the US, of course, at the border. Parts of the US are now Spanish-speaking. The Census Bureau reports it is by far the most common second language; I noticed that a line of Spanish had even gotten onto the District of Columbia ballot in last month's election to help the newcomers. Chicago has a quarter million Latinos, New Jersey more Hispanics than Arizona, and Illinois more than New Mexico. Ben Holman, head of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service, notes that Hispanic Americans have a fertility rate twice that of other citizens. Will the US, like Canada, ultimately become bi-lingual?

The Pentagon spends a hundred billion or more a year to defend the country against invasion, but the government can afford only 1700 men to protect the Mexican border. Immigration Commissioner Leonard Chapman told a Washington audience the other day that there are six to ten million illegal immigrants in the country (two-thirds Mexican) and that he thinks he is catching about one out of three or four trying to enter.

Before it recessed Congress passed, over Mr. Ford's veto, a $3.5 billion bill designed to generate 300,000 new jobs. Perhaps half that number of immigrants enter the country illegally annually, looking for work. In Mexico it is estimated that a quarter of the work force is now unemployed, as many more are working only intermittently. With population growth 750,000 workers enter the job market annually.

There will be a drive in the new Congress to pass a bill prohibiting employment of illegal aliens and to penalize employers who hire them. Last summer, in Texas, Jimmy Carter said he would support such a law. He is, of course, backed by the trade unions. Congress may act. And meanwhile that extraordinary 3.5 percent population growth rate will continue in Mexico.

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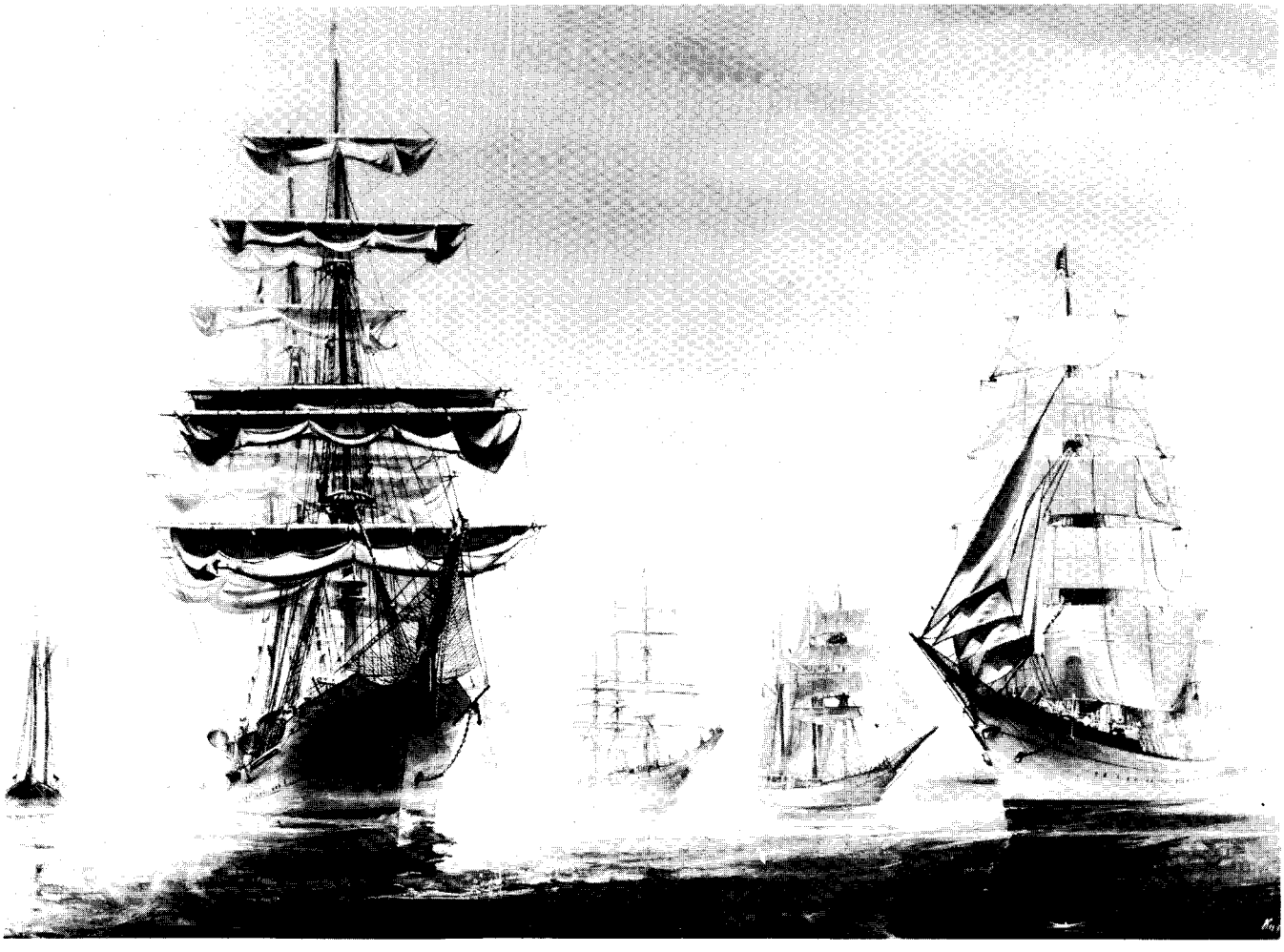

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Ganging Up On Israel

Now that the presidential election is out of the way, the big gang-up against Israel has begun. With the opportunity to put Arab pressure on the incoming Carter administration, the drive is on in earnest. It's centered at the United Nations, with secondary actions likely to crop up anywhere.

An especially bizarre instance was the mid-November "International Symposium on Zionism" held in Baghdad, which drew delegations from 46 countries. In a dispatch from Iraq to various American newspapers, the Washington editor of *The Progressive* reported that "Zionism was baked, broiled, fried and roasted in an unrelenting ideological tirade." A 19-point declaration mixing false history with invective was adopted and published as an advertisement in *The Washington Post* of November 22 and *The New York Times* of November 28. Calling for the "elimination of Zionism," the document summoned up, out of the sectarian fire ash of Lebanon, the promise of a secular democratic state in Palestine, the likes of which are, as it happens, nowhere to be found in the Islamic world.

Apparently there is still a limit to what independent states will do in the name of Third World solidarity; anticipating just how outlandish the deliberations would be, many invitees from the Afro-Asian bloc decided in advance to stay away. Not so Senator James Abourezk. He delivered a speech at the opening session and, as an honored guest, sat through endless denunciations of "racist Israel" and "imperialist America." He's no slouch at *gauchiste* rhetoric himself.

Spiro Agnew was not invited to the Baghdad fest (which was organized by the Soviet-dominated Iraqi Baathists). But he had his say in Amman a few days later. Tuned to the right, Agnew's say turned out to be about the same as Abourezk's. No surprise in either case: these are hireling voices. The fees are documented, and the speakers' views should be discounted commensurately.

Pronouncements by the United Nations on the Arab-Israeli dispute do not command much more respect these days. That's a sad commentary on an organization once thought of as the world's "best hope for peace." This particular illusion has been a long time in dying, and it was not only the Middle East that felled it. But on the Middle East, UN agencies have written a record so transparently biased, so blatantly inflammatory that the entire enterprise is in disrepute. With

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the exception of UNICEF, which meticulously adheres to its task of improving the lot of children, there's hardly an affiliate or committee of the UN that has not subjugated its purposes to the cause of political warfare aimed at Israel. One member of the US mission at the UN said last week that he "can't keep track of all the actions taken against Israel. . .They happen every day. It's as if the UN has no other function, and soon it won't."

It is instructive to examine some of these actions:the first of the season was a General Assembly resolution that "strongly condemns the continuing and increasing collaboration by Israel with the South African racist regime as a flagrant violation of the resolutions of the United Nations and as encouragement to the South African racist regime to persist in its criminal policies." Though it must relieve somewhat Israel's balance of payments problems, the Israeli relationship with South Africa happens to be miniscule in both comparative and absolute terms. The naming of Israel as a leading "collaborator" of the Pretoria government is a reflection of how routine hypocrisy has become at the UN. For among the enthusiastic backers of the resolution were counted most of South Africa's trading partners. These include 19 African countries—militantly Marxist Mozambique not excepted (whose trade accounts for at least 14 percent of South Africa's exports and spiralling numbers in its work force); just about all of the Communist countries (including the Soviet Union and China); and a cross-section of Arab countries. Despite the pretense of a petroleum embargo against South Africa, Arab oil continues to fuel that country's industry and mines; and Arab funds may be the most important single source of investment capital available to the South Africans. Lonrho, a London-based conglomerate now backed by Kuwaiti wealth, has no less than 59 subsidiaries in Rhodesia and South Africa. Another Arab-backed company, Finance Intercontinental, is currently negotiating $150 million of investments for developments in the controversial Bantustan "republics," the latest gimmick for preserving apartheid. That sum alone dwarfs the total value of Israeli trade with South Africa. The financial press reports such commercial and arms transactions regularly, but these irksome facts did not enter into the debate on South Africa.

At the initiative of the standing coalition of Moslem and Communist countries, the general conference of UNESCO two years ago barred Israel from participation in its activities. This year, meeting in Nairobi, UNESCO restored Israel's rights, allowing it to join the European (not, mind you, Asian) regional grouping—notwithstanding the Soviet objection that Israel was not a European country. The reversal was prompted by the overwhelmingly hostile reaction in the West to the quarantine of Israel in 1974. The US ceased paying its dues to UNESCO. This amounted to 25 percent of the organization's budget, a vacuum which was not filled by the Arab OPEC states. Scholarly associations, intellectuals and artists severed their ties with UNESCO,which was about to become past tense. But UNESCO's collapse may have been momentarily averted by Israel's return to membership.

Having lost a round, the politicizers of UNESCO have launched a new offensive. Twice in four days, the general conference voted resolutions condemning Israel. The first denounced the "forced cultural assimilation" of Arabs in the occupied territories and scheduled an inquiry to confirm conclusions already reached. The second vote affirmed an earlier condemnation of Israel-sponsored archaeological excavations, which were said to endanger the historic character of Jerusalem; this passed despite the fact that UNESCO's own professional personnel had argued, after painstaking study, that the accusation was without merit.

Deliberations in the Special Political Committee and the Second Committee (Economic and Financial) of the General Assembly were not out of line with what was happening elsewhere at the UN. The skewed form of the debate became crystal clear in the Political Committee when the Israelis were denied the right to present a film on the administration of the occupied territories, although one prepared by the Syrians on the same subject had been shown and entered on the formal record. The Second Committee called for a report from the Secretary-General on the territories to be prepared in "consultation and cooperation with the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), the representative of the Palestinian people." That's not asking for a report; that's deciding what it should say.

The United Nations has no role in the peacemaking process in the Middle East. Its irrelevance is congenital. The UN played no part in bringing the Vietnam War to an end; it's unlikely that it can serve any productive role in arms limitation talks. Over the Thanksgiving weekend, even the Lebanese Ambassador to the UN told Peter Grose of *The New York Times* that the UN does not solve problems, but "eternitizes" them. It was not the most felicitous phrase, but it was the truth.

When the US delegation joined last month in a Security Council "consensus statement" deploring Israeli policy in Jerusalem, on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, the State Department claimed it represented no change in American attitudes: the US had always been opposed to Israeli settlements in the occupied territories. But the vote *did* represent a fundamental shift in that the US had always voted against or vetoed comparable motions in the past. And the US had done that lest the Arab countries misread our criticism of Israel on particular points as backing away from the American commitment to the beleaguered Jewish state. That's exactly what's happened since our Security Council vote; and, according to reliable sources in the State Department and at the American UN mission, that's exactly what

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Ambassador William Scranton warned Secretary Kissinger would happen. Despite the fact that Dr. Kissinger reproached Egypt for bringing the resolution before the Security Council at this time, the Secretary felt that Sadat needed to be bolstered in his competition with Syria's President Assad. But Kissinger never explained why it was necessary for the US to tilt the balance in this competition at all, given that Assad is now called a moderate himself.

The final justification for the UN vote was the least defensible. The US voted for the resolution, it was whispered in the corridors, because American support was the price of watering it down and making it less offensive. That's the customary diplomatic gambit of winning a semi-colon and losing a principle—in this case, at least two principles. By teaming up with the Arabs on a motion that the US officials described as unbalanced, asymmetrical and injudicious the US exacerbated the isolation of a faithful democratic ally. Beyond that, the affirmative vote vested legitimacy in the UN as a body fit to make findings of fault in the dispute. But since these findings are destined to go just one way—*i.e.*, against Israel—the forum that makes them is not an appropriate forum in the first place. An officially inspired report in the *Christian Science Monitor* sought to shift the onus for the vote to the incoming Carter administration. The story implied that the vote had been cleared with the new folk. Careful inquiries at Foggy Bottom and Carter's offices indicate that the leak is without substance.

Jimmy Carter, however, will inherit the consequences of Kissinger's wager that appeasing the Arabs makes them more conciliatory. William Safire wrote that this act was the "vengence of the lame ducks." Probably that's too strong and deliberate. But the wager was a losing one. Coordinating their efforts with delegations from Communist countries and the "rejection front," composed of Libya, Algeria and Iraq, the "moderate" Arabs have embarked on an intensified campaign of pressure on Israel that also puts the squeeze on the US.

On the latest and most important anti-Israel motion of the fall offensive, the United States voted "no" and was joined by 15 other countries, with 30 additional ones abstaining. The resolution in the assembly called for the establishment in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip of a Palestinian state and affirmed the right of Arab refugees to return to their homes in Israel. Both of these provisions are viewed in the resolution as preliminaries to, and preconditions of, any negotiations. That, of course, does not leave very much for the peace talks with Israel which Sadat has confided to visiting American congressmen he is willing to join.

The critical index of Arab intentions is the resuscitation of Yasir Arafat and his Palestine Liberation Organization. The survival of the PLO in diplomatic circles is the fig leaf that is meant to cover the shame of Arab fratricide in Lebanon. Unhappily, it is also intended to impede meaningful negotiations with Israel. The PLO does not exist independently as an indigenous national liberation movement, but rather at the sufferance of the Syrian government and with the indispensable support of the Russians. We've had some experience with liberation movements in the post-war world: in Indonesia, Kenya, Algeria, Vietnam, Jewish Palestine. But the PLO is not such a movement (see Walter Laqueur's fascinating new study in comparative history, *Guerrilla*, Little Brown, 1976). Douglas Watson's report on the PLO in *The Washington Post* of November 18 demonstrates just how shadowy and insubstantial the organization is. Dependent for its showiest presence on Japanese, German, Latin comrades, it lives in the occupied territories as a slogan, an occasional street brawl, some random terror, but surely not as a representative underground. And since Lebanon, what Palestinian Christian interest could the PLO possibly represent? The PLO has always been an instrument of one or another Arab state, depending on which country happens at the moment to hold sway in Islam. All the same, the PLO remains an *idée fixe* for some American editorialists. In the wake of the PLO debacle in Beirut, for example *The Washington Post*, perhaps not understanding its own reporter, urged that a meaningful role must be found for Arafat and his group in any future Arab-Israeli negotiation of peace. It is as if the structure of peace negotiations was meant to vindicate the obsessional hypotheses of the pundits in Washington. But peace is not what the PLO and its backers really want. There has been no disguising that on the PLO's part—or, to be more precise, on the part of the half dozen warring factions which comprise it. If its backers really have decided to seek peace, they will not be so insistent that it can only be achieved through the agency of the PLO, an inchoate band of fanatics. The Israelis would be foolish to make any tangible concessions to a cohort so intrinsically unstable, so inherently dependent, so implacably hostile. They are right to hold out for direct negotiations with their neighbors; and when those do take place, it will be in Israel's interest that the rights of the Palestinian Arabs be guaranteed, as the rights of other national and ethnic minorities in the Moslem crescent never have.

Dr. Kissinger has a lot invested in his Egyptian strategy, and he is apparently willing to risk a lot more to keep it alive. On balance, that is probably for the good. Egypt surely has enough reasons, in the desperate poverty of its people, to want peace. It makes sense for us to encourage that desire. There is no way, however, that Kissinger can be anything but disheartened by Sadat's aggressive thrust at the UN and his renewed attempts to breathe life into the ghostly remnant of the PLO. For on the PLO, at least, Kissinger has never wavered. He has seen it for what it is and, worse yet, for what it would be should it gain power: an armed *irridenta* directed at both Israel and Jordan, as well

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as a vehicle for Soviet intrusion in the area. It has been Dr. Kissinger's aim, and it should be the aim of any administration, to prevent such developments.

Kissinger leaves Carter an ambiguous legacy. In large measure, this ambiguity simply reflects the difficult circumstances in which he tried to position the US as a broker trusted by all sides. But however much he coaxed and cajoled, he did not argue that the borders of 1967 were the borders of peace. He knows too well how often they had been the borders of temptation and of war itself. Nor does he believe that, given the long reach of modern arms, they would either satisfy the Arabs or secure the Israelis. Kissinger's wariness of the PLO is matched, then, by his skepticism about the fetish of the haphazard cease-fire lines which are topological incitements to *jihad*. In Washington, however, there are many who still treat the idea of a PLO state on every inch of the occupied territories as a tidy formula for peace. Carter will need enormous intellectual and political resources to resist its simplistic appeal. It is the favored nostrum of the State Department Arabists and their allies in the oil cartel's quasi-scholarly front, the Middle East Institute. These old hands know their formula can't be negotiated. So they argue that it should be imposed—some way, any way—by us and, *mirabile dictu*, also by the Russians.

Prime Minister Rabin told his colleagues in the second Socialist International at the end of last month that Israel is eager for the convening of Mideast peace talks on a regional basis. It was an apt response to Sadat's suggestions here and there that he too may be willing. The Israelis themselves assume that such talks would not and could not validate great annexations of occupied lands. Simply to go to Geneva is their earnest of conciliatory intentions; and they will have to be very generous and take great risks for peace. It is up to the Arabs also to show in direct talks with their adversary that they too are ready for concrete compromise and overall peace. It is entirely to Kissinger's credit that such negotiations are even imaginable. Jimmy Carter as candidate proposed just such direct and far-reaching negotiations, and it is precisely what his administration should now encourage.

The Right to Die

By intervening in Gary Gilmore's fate against his wishes, the American Civil Liberties Union chose to assault not only freedom and dignity, but the rule of law itself. It did so by supporting the State of Utah in its efforts to break its contract with Gilmore, thus attempting to deprive him of his last tangible human right—the right to be punished as prescribed by law. By the time this is read he may have won this right.

No one, including Gilmore and the ACLU, doubted that Gilmore committed the crimes for which he was sentenced to death. Faced with that sentence, Gilmore re-enacted the famous death scene in Plato's *Phaedo*. In that scene, as may be recalled, Socrates and some of his closest friends are gathered awaiting Socrates' execution. After some conversation, Socrates says farewell and asks the executioner to bring the cup of poison. Crito interrupts him, urging that he wait and prolong his life for as long as possible:

> *But Socrates, I know that other men take the poison quite late, and eat and drink heartily, and even enjoy the company of their chosen friends, after the announcement has been made. So do not hurry; there is still time.*

Crito claims to be arguing on behalf of Socrates, just as the ACLU—through its executive director, Aryeh Neier—claimed to be arguing on behalf of Gilmore. (Neier's op-ed essay in *The New York Times* November 17 was titled "'Butting In' for the Utah Slayer." It should have been titled "'Butting In' against the Utah Slayer" or "for the ACLU.") But Socrates' reply to Crito exposes the fallacy—nay, the hypocrisy—of such an attack on personal automony and dignity:

> *And those whom you speak of, Crito, naturally do so; for they think that they will be gainers by so doing. And I naturally shall not do so; for I think that I should gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later but my own contempt for so greedily saving up a life which is already spent.*

The difference between Socrates' argument and Neier's highlights the dismal disjunction between the vast scientific and technical progress that we have made during the past 2500 years, and the equally vast moral and rhetorical regression that we have undergone.

It may be argued that Neier addressed himself not to Gilmore or his predicament, but to the issue of the death penalty. Neier himself said so: "Capital punishment is barbarous. . . . Our quarrel is with the state, not with Gary Mark Gilmore." Therein, precisely, lies the most incontrovertible proof of the ACLU's betrayal of human decency—and of the rule of the law. To be sure, Gilmore cannot be compared to Socrates, for Socrates was not a vicious murderer. But a human being, whether a philosopher or murderer, has certain rights and dignities that remain his as a man awaiting execution. It is those remaining rights and dignities that the ACLU, in its self-righteous fight against the death penalty, tried to deny Gilmore. There are countless cases of men sentenced to death who do not want to die. The ACLU does not need to and should not want to carry on its struggles by choosing a case in which it can do so only by depriving the victim of his last important choice in life. The ACLU has ample opportunity to carry out its program of advocacy by choosing cases where men and women ask for its help.

The drama pitting the lawmakers and law enforcers of the State of Utah against Gilmore has been both

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macabre and tragic. But it highlights, as such confrontations are likely to do, where people really stand when the chips are down. The ACLU, through Neier, came down squarely against individual self-determination and suicide. "I find it very difficult to disregard Gilmore's wishes," Neier remarked on his way to concluding that "ACLU attorneys are asking the courts to prevent Utah from executing Mr. Gilmore." But if Neier found it difficult to disregard Gilmore's wishes, he might best have proved that he meant it by respecting Gilmore's choice. Furthermore, the ACLU's opposition to the death penalty would, it seems to me, be strengthened if it were narrowed to those cases where the convicted criminal prefers life imprisonment to execution, rather than vice versa.

Neier's arguments against Gilmore's execution were misleading. "I hope," he wrote, "the public will recoil with horror from the prospect of official state blindings, maimings, castrations, psychosurgery—and executions." That statement implied that execution is on a par with the tortures with which he bracketed it. I believe that resuscitating a person after a suicide attempt in order to execute him is a worse brutality than granting him the right to be executed—or, better still, the right to kill himself. Here, too, history can teach us a lesson. When William the Conqueror was crowned king in 1066, in one of his first speeches he abolished the death penalty, declaring that "I forbid that any person be killed or hanged for any cause." But if naïve civil libertarians find encouragement in that outpouring of "humanitarianism," they had better take heed of William's next statement: "Let their eyes be torn out and their testicles cut off. . ." Despite Gilmore's crimes, society is in his debt for dramatizing the fact that there are fates worse than death.

In taking the stand it did, the ACLU also went against the fundamental spirit of the rule of law upon which our civil liberties rest. Put briefly and oversimply, but nevertheless accurately, the rule of law in a free society guarantees that persons who obey the law must not be molested by the police power of the state. However, it is the duty of the state not only to respect and protect the liberty of those persons who obey the law, but also to prosecute and punish those who break the law. That is where Gilmore's fundamental right to being punished came in. The State of Utah had, in effect, promised to kill him. And Gilmore simply asked that the state show more respect for its (explicit) promise to uphold the law than Gilmore had shown for his (implied) promise to obey the law.

That the principle of contracts is fundamental to both civil law and constitutional government is stating the obvious. "It is confessedly unjust," John Stuart Mill wrote in one of his celebrated passages, "to *break faith* with anyone: to violate an engagement, either express or implied, or disappoint expectations raised by our own conduct." (Emphasis in the original.)

By analogizing Gilmore's request that the state fulfill its contract and put him to death with the requests of hypothetical prisoners to be blinded, castrated or lobotomized in order to gain their freedom, Neier and the ACLU stood the case on its head. Gilmore didn't ask for his freedom. Being blinded and lobotomized are not sentences that juries can impose. In short, Neier's assertion that "the state is forcing on Mr. Gilmore" a choice between death and life imprisonment was a falsehood. The State of Utah has, subsequent to sentencing Gilmore, not forced anything on him other than his role as convicted criminal. It was Gilmore who tried to force the state to fulfil its promise to him. And it was Neier and the ACLU that tried to force the state to renege on it.

Thomas Szasz

Dr. Szasz is professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York at Syracuse.

Booted from Britain

London

Home Secretary Merlyn Rees reluctantly rose in the House of Commons recently to explain why he had made an unprecedented decision to deport summarily two American writers from Great Britain. Rees read an evasive statement that contained no facts because of "security reasons." Furious Labour MPs shouted and jumped to their feet despite repeated threats of removal from the Speaker of the House. One Labour MP went so far as to withdraw his vote from the government's slim majority. Rees was forced to endure the approval of contented Conservative MPs who had consistently criticized his liberal policies during his two years as secretary of state for Northern Ireland. The Tories seemed to enjoy the fighting on the other side of the chamber as they mumbled *sotto voce* "hear-hear!"

Rees' statement did say that the departure of the two Americans, Phillip Agee, the ex-CIA agent and author of *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, and Mark Hosenball, a reporter for a London daily and a contributor to the *Washington Star*, would be "conducive to the public good." The Home Secretary had invoked a section of the Immigration Act of 1971 in expelling the two journalists. A clause in the act allows him to deport any non-patrial without giving any excuse beyond "security reasons." There is no trial or formal hearing involved (despite the fact that trials concerning sensitive material can be conducted *in camera* in Britain); no enumeration of charges whatsoever, no confrontation by an accuser; no right of cross examination; no right to appeal. The journalists will never be told why they are being banished from the country in which they had both chosen to live.

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The relevant clause of the Immigration Act was used only once before, two years ago when an Italian worker was held in jail without charges for five weeks before public pressure forced the government to release him.

At the age of 25, Ohio-born Mark Hosenball has been recognized in London as a professional investigative journalist, something that is quite difficult to achieve in Great Britain for some of the same reasons that lie at the root of the shabby deportation order. Public information is hard to come by in Britain. Secrecy is the rule. It is not surprising that there are relatively few investigative reporters on London papers, or that many of the more notable members of this group are foreign-born. A foreign-born journalist can be more effective in many areas in Britain because he is ostensibly classless and is invariably endowed with a large reserve of "cheek." Americans in particular tend not to be haunted by the atavistic respect for secrecy that makes a law like the Immigration Act plausible.

Since Agee and Hosenball's crimes are not known, the press here has filled the vacuum with a plethora of countervailing theories. Some say that it had to do with collaboration between the two men to expose British secret agents. This theory has been fueled by the fact that naming agents is Agee's business, and by confirmation from an editor of *Counterspy* magazine in Washington that Hosenball was indeed "one of [their] English group." Both men say that they haven't worked together. Hosenball does not work for *Counterspy*, and Agee knows next to nothing about British intelligence operations. The most logical theory to date, especially concerning Hosenball, seems to be that it was all an ill-timed and monumental blunder.

Many believe that the deportations are the result of directives from Washington, but whether the move was prompted by the CIA or was simply a Kafkaesque bureaucratic error should not obscure the sad meaning of the whole affair for the United Kingdom. It is indicative of the defensiveness and loss of self-confidence that afflicts the country. Britain is a nation under seige—from IRA terrorists, IMF eggheads, international currency brokers, militant trade unionists, right-wing agitators on race, shadowy Labour politicians with menacingly left-wing tendencies and even the two-boat Icelandic navy. It all seems to be weighing heavily on the mood in the country and upon James Callaghan's government. The resulting insecurity has insidiously magnified the role of security services. Though security operations have continually made themselves felt in Northern Ireland, now occupied by a 15,000-man force, the ramifications of the paranoia had not been so dramatic before the deportation notices.

Two Americans are being expelled from Britain because of the nature of their work—not from an emerging nation or from a totalitarian one—but from the bastion of liberal democracy. It is unbelievable that the large American journalistic community in England has remained silent while the British press has, from many quarters and from no identifiable political position, rallied to help Agee and Hosenball and expressed outrage at this affront.

Bernard Nossiter, the London correspondent of *The Washington Post*, is something of a resident trans-Atlantic pundit here. The *Post*'s mantle lends him a pontifical standing with the British press and public. He often appears on television to comment on American affairs. Nossiter is also president of the Association of American Correspondents in London, a group with 173 members representing 40 major US publications.

It seemed logical that Nossiter, of all the American journalists in London, would have been eager to stand up for his colleagues. At the beginning of this year, he caused a minor fury himself over his publication in the *Post* of information concerning the Secret Intelligence Service, the much mythicized cloak-and-dagger wing of Britain's intelligence system. Nossiter made sweeping observations, including one that "a remarkable number of British journalists abroad are reputed to be SIS [Secret Intelligence Service] officers." He was attacked in the British press for endangering the lives of foreign correspondents while failing to provide any proof or further identification. Nossiter also contended in a London weekly that the SIS "stage manages coups, burgles safes and blackmails the vulnerable." If one assumes that Nossiter did have proof and corroboration of his allegations, then it is safe to assume further that he was conducting research in as sensitive an area as that in which Agee and Hosenball are assumed to have trespassed.

As president of the Association of American Correspondents, Nossiter was asked if the organization planned to circulate a petition supporting his colleagues. He replied that the organization had never taken a political stand and that its function was mainly social.

The organization is politically powerful, however, in that it is taken quite seriously by the British political leaders who address the group at its monthly meetings.

Nossiter did agree to check with the association's executive committee to sound out their feelings. Two days after the deportation notices had been served, he said, "I have canvassed our executive committee and various other senior types, and the overwhelming view is no, it's not something we want to get involved in." He went on to divulge his "inside" story on why Hosenball and Agee were to be deported. "Incidentally," he said at the end of the conversation, "I don't expect to see any of this in *The New Republic*."

In fact, the executive committee in London was not canvassed. Of the 11 people listed as members of the executive committee or as officers, three had been transferred to other countries, four were out of town at the time on assignment, and the four other journalists were not contacted by Nossiter.

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The deportations in Britain represent only one threat to the nature and efficacy of overseas news reporting. The attendant silence on the part of influential American journalists in London is another. At the UNESCO meetings in Nairobi, some Communist and Third World countries have been pushing proposals to legitimize government control of the press. Western delegations have been outraged. But in the birthplace of civil freedoms, censorship by deportation may accomplish similar goals.

Donald R. Katz

Mr. Katz is an American writer living in London.

Peddling Political Gossip

Inside Dopesters

Want the inside dope on Carter's cabinet choices? Or who has the longest knives at the Carter transition office? Who's going to succeed Mary Louise Smith as Republican National Chairman or Bob Strauss on the Democratic side? Want to know now which Senate liberals will abandon Hubert Humphrey for Robert Byrd on the secret ballot for majority leader?

You can learn all these things—and a few thousand people around the country do every other week or so—by reading some of the political newsletters published in the nation's capital. Here is a sample of the insider reports available, if you can afford the price.

The *Evans-Novak Political Report* (four pages, biweekly, $75 a year, circulation about 2000) is the largest and oldest of the Washington newsletters, now beginning its ninth year. It may enjoy the broadest base of subscribers—professional pols of both parties, business executives, political fund-raisers and givers, lobbyists and the like. This newsletter has its distinctive qualities. First, it is chock-a-block full of information, all of it interesting, some of it reliable. Second, it is the most unabashedly opinionated sheet to leave Washington by first-class mail. Third, it is not written by Evans or Novak, but by Bob Gutwillig, formerly on the staff of *Playboy* magazine and now West Coast representative of Simon and Schuster publications. "The newsletter amounts to nothing more than the leavings of their column," a longtime Washington subscriber says. "I read it only to find out what my clients are reading." Gutwillig put it differently: "They do the reporting and I congeal the copy. They do the writing and I do the editing."

The congealing and editing is most often done from Gutwillig's home in California and dispatched by telecopier to Washington, where it acquires a dateline. Gutwillig has mastered the breezy, self-assured, never-look-back style and the doomsday prose of the syndicated Evans-Novak newspaper column. The newsletter is a report card for any and every public figure who makes the news—"Ford's state of the union message was, at best, a break-even for him politically." It also gives the most confident odds available anywhere in an election year; but don't bet on the advice. During the primaries, the *Evans-Novak Report* opened the board with President Ford at only slightly better than even to win the nomination, then predicted that Ronald Reagan had to win Florida or Ford would have the nomination sewn up (Reagan lost). Then it asserted that Ford's Illinois win had clinched his nomination, that Reagan would fade after losing North Carolina (he won). And so on. It's full of little political factlets, but relies on readers to have short memories.

Kevin Phillips is the only Harvard lawyer in the newsletter game. A former Nixon campaign aide and special assistant to then Attorney General John Mitchell, he wrote *The Emerging Republican Majority* in 1969, which quickly became the blueprint of Nixon's Southern strategy. Two years later, on his own as a syndicated columnist, Phillips started *The American Political Report* (eight pages, biweekly, $96 a year, circulation undisclosed).

Phillips relies heavily on what he calls an "ongoing press survey," clips from up to 80 newspapers that he links together in a national opinion analysis. He is the most seasoned political analyst of the lot, and his strong suit is his demonstrated ability to draw quick, insightful conclusions. For example, does Jimmy Carter's election signal a resurgence of the New Deal Coalition? Phillips: "Bluntly put, the New Deal coalition commanded a majority of the country's white voters in all four post-1932 elections. . .But in the eight elections since 1948, the Democrats have won a majority of the white vote once—in 1964. And the operating reality here is very simple—no coalition that lacks the support of the white majority can have the strength or impact that the New Deal coalition had."

He also spots electoral implications often overlooked by other journalists and political analysts: "Right now reapportionment is shaping up as one of the biggest political bonanzas of the century. . .Come 1981. . .the odds are pretty good that the Democrats will be in total or substantial control of reapportionment in most states. They will redraw state legislative and congressional maps in a way that ought to effectively terminate the legislative two-party system."

Phillips refuses to discuss the ideological bent of his publication. But others think they know: conservative, meticulous to fussy in style, many of the facts drawn from Phillips' personal memory, irreverent and sometimes outrageous in tone. In a two-page, mid-summer analysis ("Jimmy Carter and the Weimar Analogy") Phillips likened conditions in contemporary America and the strategy employed by Jimmy Carter in the primaries ("pitch to restore old values. . .cap it with

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language about ethnic purity. . .invoke a kind of mystical national unity. . .hint at having been chosen for the mission by some higher power. . .blur most issues and emphasize cultural themes. . .capitalize on not having been taken seriously at first to turn victory after victory into an aura of unstoppability") to those in Weimar Germany and the tactics of Adolph Hitler.

Phillips admits that he does not churn out all the material on his own, but the identity of the ghost is his secret. Franz Kafka, perhaps? For sheer audacity this ranks as the best buy.

Political Intelligence (weekly, four pages, $36, circulation about 1200) bills itself as "an unbiased overview of the political scene. . .a sophisticated political newsletter written for a few thousand people who need to know the inside of political America." Published by Gordon Weil, 1972 campaign press secretary for George McGovern with the bi-weekly assistance of former *TNR* Contributing Editor Paul Weick, *PI* purveys "insider's news items." The newsletter is written, printed and mailed from Weil's home in Harpswell, Maine. He culls his information from books, newspapers and the *Federal Register*; he runs up an "astronomical phone bill" plying old Washington contacts and trying to track down items not yet in the papers. Pat Caddell of Cambridge Survey sometimes provides Weil with material (public attitudes about breaking up the oil companies, for example) from polls commissioned by others. "Caddell's material does not come from candidate's private polls," says Weil, "but I don't know who pays for it."

During the campaign, *PI* ran a regular "Rules of the Game" feature, tracking rulings and advisory opinions of the Federal Elections Commission. The newsletter also provides longer analyses, special reports that may span two or three issues. In one of these (April/May, 1975) Weil was perhaps the first to finger the evangelical movement as a potent force in presidential politics. But in reviewing candidates who might tap the fundamentalist vote, he left Jimmy Carter off the list.

Newest among the newsletters—now eight issues old—is *The Baron Report* (four pages, bi-weekly, $37.50 a year, 600 circulation). Baron is a journeyman political technician—in 1972 he worked first in Harold Hughes' presidential campaign, then for Edmund Muskie and finished up with George McGovern. In the years since, he has been a self-styled liberal activist and party reform advocate, a constant plotting presence just over Robert Strauss' left shoulder. Before beginning his newsletter, Baron served as executive assistant to George McGovern, but was purged over Memorial Day weekend, just before the critical showdown primaries for what McGovern termed "anti-Carter activities." (Baron was quoted by *New York Times* writer R. W. Apple as comparing top Carter staffers Hamilton Jordon and Jody Powell to H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman.)

Baron was a political junkie at an early age—he missed his own bar mitzvah to campaign for Adlai Stevenson. He was one of the leading inside dopesters in Washington before starting his newsletter. "This is just a written version of what he does all day anyway," says one reader, "but now he's charging for it." *The Baron Report* is the only avowedly liberal newsletter in the bunch, and the only one that makes a special effort to report insider views of labor politics. But ideology takes a back seat to analysis and gossip, much of it provided by contributing editors Michael Barone (co-editor of *The Almanac of American Politics*), pollster Peter Hart and political consultant Mark Shields.

Baron has not yet been able to give his newsletter a confident, forthright panache. He apparently cannot decide whether to fashion a popularized, political gossip column or become the government-in-exile, leveling a tough, consistent, informed criticism at the new President. "I'm skeptical but not anti-," Baron says of Carter, adding, "I'll try to develop inside sources." Presumably, it is to that end that the rhetoric of *The Baron Report* has perceptibly softened as inauguration day approaches.

If you want the inside dope, it's relatively expensive, and you take what goes with it. What goes with it in most cases—with the exception of Evans and Novak—is a good deal of tracks-covering and bet hedging. At the end of his lengthy Carter-Hitler analogy, Kevin Phillips tacked: "Obviously the parallel is tenuous." And, after offering a list of Carter's most likely cabinet choices, *The Baron Report* added a classic hedge: "Don't bet on any—or even all—of these names." The general rule in all cases seems to be the one followed by Gordon Weil in his *Political Intelligence*: "You can take a flyer with a newsletter. The readers tend to remember when you're right and forget when you're wrong."

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Carter in Transit

This account is derived from three weeks of hearing and watching some of the incoming Carter people and some of the outgoing Ford people instruct each other in the practice of government at the White House apex. The incumbents, mostly familiar only with the centralized Nixon and Ford White Houses, are being reminded that some past Presidents did some things in simpler ways with fewer assistants. The incomers are learning, and presumably telling their President-elect in what must be staggering stacks of memoranda, that much of the business of government at the White House level and below is not as simple as he thought or pretended to think it was during his campaign and after his election.

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A President-elect who promises to consolidate and simplify the federal establishment is represented in Washington by the biggest and most elaborate transition staff in history. Its 200-plus members are ensconced in the major agencies and departments, studying their organizations and methods and boning up on present and pending issues and problems for incoming Cabinet secretaries and directors. Despite the promises of orderly governance, a good deal of confusion attends the exercises. On a recent day, for instance, when Carter spokesmen were saying the press was mistaken in its notion that lists of candidates for 75 or so presidential appointments were to be published before Carter made his choices, so that the public and interested parties could indicate their preferences, the names of 16 people from whom Carter will choose his principal economic officials were announced. Carter conferred with them at his home in Plains the next day and was very much in the act in other ways.

Stephen Hess, a former Nixon assistant and Brookings Institution Fellow whose new book, *Organizing the Presidency*, was favorably mentioned in this space, learned on Friday, November 19, how personally and directly Carter is involved. Hess is a member of the US delegation to the current session of the UN General Assembly. He was in his office at the US delegation headquarters in New York when a secretary told him that a Governor Carter was on the telephone. "Governor Carter?" Hess said. "What Governor Carter? I don't know any Governor Carter." The secretary said it was *the* Governor Carter. According to Hess, Jimmy Carter convinced him that he had read the book and was not relying on a staff summary. Carter said he was much impressed, asked Hess to send him some memoranda on White House staffing, and gave Hess his private telephone number and mail address—two items that at the moment are Washington's topmost totem symbols. Greg Schneiders, Carter's administrative assistant in Plains, telephoned again two days later and, after conveying Carter's apology for not calling himself, shook Hess with requests for detailed memos on White House staffing and functions ranging from the office of the President's military assistant to the First Lady's office. President Ford's staff chief, Richard Cheney, quietly passed the word that Hess was to be regarded and treated at the White House as one of Carter's principal transition representatives. In his capacity as an advocate of a reduced and minimal White House staff, Hess is a logical Carter choice. In two other respects, he isn't. He indicates in his book that he regards Carter's pledge to make Vice President-elect Walter Mondale a key and important member of the administration a silly piece of standard ritual that all Presidents go through and never fulfill. Hess' basic premise is that Presidents shouldn't try to manage the federal government from the White House. Instead, he argues, they should recognize that "the primary presidential role is to make choices—choices that are ultimately political in nature. *The President* (Hess' emphasis) *is the nation's chief political officer.*" It's a premise that sits oddly with a President-elect who puts the emphasis that Carter does upon what he calls "my commitment to a businesslike, tough, competent administration of the executive branch itself."

True enough, Carter proposes to hold his department and agency heads, particularly his Cabinet secretaries, responsible for accomplishing that "business-like, tough, competent administration." Whether Jimmy Carter or any other modern President can actually get by with doing that, and to all effects use and rely upon his Cabinet members as personal assistants and deputies to the extent that Carter intends, is a subject of fundamental difference between him and the chief incumbents, including the President, at the Ford White House. The proposition that it can be done is also fundamental to whether Jimmy Carter can install and implement the kind of presidency that he proposes to conduct.

The central question raised by the Carter proposition is whether a President's interests and the interests of the heads of the major departments will always or even usually be identical or at least close enough to be compatible. The controlling assumption now is that they will be only if the President has at his command a staff large enough and capable enough to police the departments, identify and sort out the many interests and factions that exist within big departments and usually involve two or more departments, and finally summarize situations for the President in actionable and understandable fashion. The argument from incumbents that a President must have this capability at his own command and within his own staff is of course self-serving. But it's worth attention when it comes from such a person as James Cannon, originally a journalist and Nelson Rockefeller assistant who directs the Domestic Council staff of some 25 "professionals" and 25 secretaries (including 10 people who are detailed from other agencies and are on their payrolls). Cannon speaking: "What I think is unique about the Domestic Council staff—well, not unique but different from other coordinating bodies at the White House—is that we have one client, the President. However the next administration will want to structure its White House operation, it is imperative that there be some staff group in the White House that looks at all the myriad problems, ideas, opportunities that come to the White House—and everything in domestic affairs comes here now. That staff must be able to assess all of these things and present them to the President in such a fair and balanced way that he always has all sides of any issue and all the facts he needs to base a judgment on."

Would it be practical for Carter to take some or all of this oversight and coordinating responsibility out of the White House proper and pass it to the Office of Management and Budget? Cannon's answer is typical

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of the one generally heard around the present White House: "Anything will work if the President wants it to work—if he insists on it working. In my judgment, however, OMB has such a strong responsibility to control the spending of money that it's not in the best position to make a final presentation of a matter to the President. Its responsibility to keep spending down and income up is so dominant that there has to be somebody else, some other staff, to look at all the other aspects of programs and proposals that require money."

One of many related questions is whether any President nowadays can do without a chief of staff, regardless of whether he uses that name for the function. A Carter associate who thinks a President can is Matthew Coffey, one of the President-elect's chief talent hunters. Coffey, who was Lyndon Johnson's deputy personnel director, argued for a greatly reduced and simplified White House staff in a memorandum to Carter last June. He said the other day: "Running the place without a chief of staff is a terribly effective way to do it. It gives a President the opportunity to stand back, view things for himself, make up his own mind. The other way, everything comes to the President through a filter, and that filter by its very existence tends to control and screen the information that gets to the President." Gerald Ford, a simple man with a natural preference for simple procedures, refused for a while to call Donald Rumsfeld a chief of staff and insisted on styling him a coordinator. Mr. Ford at length realized that he had to have somebody to track what his other assistants were doing and that Rumsfeld in fulfilling that function was in fact the President's staff chief, as Cheney is now. President Carter may be expected to come around to it, too.

John Osborne

Charlatan in the Archives

The 'Historian-Reporter'

by Henry Fairlie

I went one evening recently to the National Archives in Washington to hear a lecture by John Toland, the author of the much-publicized book, *Adolf Hitler*. When I find myself at such occasions, I look round curiously at the others who are there: since I am not sure why I have gone, I study their faces and dress to try to understand why they have come. One of the answers that I found by the end of the evening was disconcerting, even if not unexpected.

Although I have glanced through it, read some of the reviews, and heard several people talk about it, I have not read Toland's book. But it is not the book I am discussing. It is the evening at the National Archives, and what he said during it. After all, the subject of Adolf Hitler is of some importance; and it is also important how the image of him in the popular mind is created, a generation after his death. According to his record, and by his own admission, Toland has had no training as a historian. I hoped to hear from his lecture why we should trust his picture of Hitler, and this indeed was what he chose to discuss.

He was introduced by an unnamed representative of the Smithsonian: one of those earnest but worldly men and women who seem naturally bent to be the administrators of the cultural institutions of the state. We were told that Toland is a "historian-reporter." It is necessary to create such a hybrid, of course, only because Toland cannot be introduced as a historian. Whether he is a reporter is also open to question, but perhaps not so pressing a concern. We were then told that the historians proper might question—as some already have—the validity of Toland's methods; and we were told this, of course, with a dismissive sneer at the historians. What fuddy-duddies that they should care about the standards of their discipline! What curmudgeons that they should insist on the observance of certain rules in the sifting and weighing of evidence! Was I really hearing this concession to vulgarity in the National Archives?

Toland rose, the stage left to him. He is engaging in a way: a member of the genteel classes who has fallen on good times. He said that he had thought that he would have to be intellectual in such a place, but on seeing our faces he had decided that this was not required, and he could be more familiar and anecdotal. I took this as an insult, but the rest of the audience did not stir. He then said that he had not been trained as a historian, but had "sort of backed into history;" and with that he began

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the story of his life at much the same length if not with the same gripping mastery as Edward Gibbon in his autobiography. To cut a long story short—which he no more did in his lecture than he has done in his book—the "first two million words" that he wrote in his life (stories and novels and plays) were not published. He then turned to what he calls history, because he did not have to "make up a plot:" the plot was ready-made for him.

At this moment, I thought of the dramatic moment when Gibbon determined to write *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, for it was not a ready-made plot he had suddenly come across; he had made up the plot, and it seized him. A man who "backed into history" because he did not have to "make up a plot," is a man who has not the slightest idea what history is. As he spoke, I began to smell the charlatan—on stage in the National Archives.

All of this has to do with the kind of picture Toland gives us of Adolf Hitler, and how far we can trust it. The contemporary English philosopher, Michael Oakeshott, has said that "the only makers of history are the writers of it." We know very little about what happened in the past; we even know very little of what happened yesterday; and perhaps least of all do we know much about what happened the day before yesterday, the kind of time-span within which Toland works. All that we know of the past, distant or immediate, even of yesterday, are a few records of a few events, and a few accounts of the doings and sayings of a few people. The rest has vanished.

The historian must therefore make up the story of the past; he must invent the plot. In inventing that plot, he must be true to all the facts that are available to him, and to his own perception of them; he must not bend the facts. And, since he is making up the plot, it is all the more important that he should be held to the strictest methods of collecting and examining the documents and other testimony on which he must rely, and of selecting those which he will put in evidence, even those that obstinately resist his own thesis. That is really what the academic discipline of history is—or should be.

By his own account of his own methods, Toland is not inclined to observe much strictness in the collection and examination and selection of his evidence. Remember that he has taken as his subject one of the most fearful men who has ever held the apparatus of the modern state in own hands, and with that power had pursued ambitions that must threaten the very existence of civilized life: a man of whom poets such as Dante or Milton might have foreborne to write, and Gibbon might have said that there was nothing much *yet* for the historian to discern. I am not saying that this need have stopped Toland from his exercise, or even that there is not material in his book that is useful, but merely that we must be cautious of the picture that he gives.

He has boasted, his publishers have boasted, that he talked to 250 eye witnesses. Good for Mr. Toland! But this kind of claim is meaningless. Perhaps if he had interviewed 251, the evidence of the previous 250 would have been blown out of the water. But during his lecture he produced another figure that multiplied my suspicion. He said that he had taken evidence from 125 of the people "closest to Hitler." (Notice the rounded figures: he talked to 250 people altogether, and exactly half of these were among those "closest to Hitler.") But as he uttered the figure, my mind reeled. There simply are not 125 people "closest" to any man, especially to one in Hitler's position. There weren't 125 people "closest" to Moses, or to Nero, or to Genghis Kahn, or to Catherine the Great, or to Napoleon, or to Franklin Roosevelt, and there were not 125 "closest" to Hitler. Moreover, many of those who were indeed "closest" to Hitler are now dead, and have been for some time, beyond the techniques of what is today called "oral history."

So he went on, talking about the rag-tag-and-bobtail of the "eye witnesses" he interviewed—most of them people who shared Hitler's guilt with him—and I only sat up again when he said that he had tracked down—in Baltimore I think it was—the reports of an American agent describing his conversations with Hitler's sister. Such precious evidence, said Toland; and the audience oohed and aahed as he said that he had saved it from destruction.

But most people would surely look with extreme suspicion at a report from any secret agent describing his conversations with Hitler's sister. Agents have a way of making up stories to please their masters, like Our Man in Havana. They discover secret weapons that do not exist, report contacts that they have not made, and invent important people who do not exist. "Not many people even know that Hitler had a sister," Toland said blithely. Well, damn it! perhaps history so far has been right, and she did not really exist as a person who is historically significant, or whose opinions are worth hearing. If she was so much out of the limelight that "not many people know that Hitler had a sister," then one can well imagine how she might have made up marvellous stories when at last an agent showed an interest in her.

The man who introduced Toland said that he had a way of going to sources that others had not thought of. Maybe so; but that is not enough. It depends what the sources are. It reminds me of a wine-tasting, to which I went in Washington a few years ago, of "some lesser-

COMING: Joel Solkoff reports on the private world of the global grain dealers

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known wines of Burgundy." Three friends and I went from vintage to vintage until, when we left, we all said together that now we knew why they were the "lesser-known wines of Burgundy." I feel much the same about many of Toland's "eye witnesses."

Eye witnesses of what, anyhow? In the preface to his book, he lists among those whom he interviewed, not only men such as Speer and Manstein and Dönitz, but Hitler's secretaries, his chauffeur, and his pilot. One has to ask: what is their evidence worth? A chauffeur may observe certain kinds of behavior of his employer in the back of the car; he has no way of placing that behavior in a more than superficial context. Secretaries are not often the most reliable observers of their bosses.

So one could go on. Judging by his own words as he spoke, Toland was overwhelmed by SS Colonel Otto Skorzeny, a devoted executor of Hitler's will to the end, and still a faithful admirer of his führer. "I liked him," said Toland gaily, "I liked him for that." But then many of those he interviewed were unquestioning doers of Hitler's command; and I could not help feeling,as he lectured, that it was like asking Dick Swiveller for an unprejudiced account of the character of Fagin. Or again, he made much in his lecture of Hitler's relations with Ramon Serrano Suñer, the Minister of Interior for Franco; but as he listed some of the testimony that supported his interpretaion of that relationship, he dropped the name of Samuel Hoare, the British ambassador to Spain during the war. Now, there is no doubt that Hoare did a good job in helping keep Spain from joining Hitler; but no one whom I know who has seriously studied that period would be inclined to take the evidence of Hoare—co-author of the Hoare-Laval pact, a proposal to appease Mussolini in his war against Ethiopia—without submitting it to the severest cross-examination.

The character of the evidence is vital, because Toland said more than once during the evening that his purpose was to get away from the picture of Hitler as a "monster," and to show that he was a human being "like the rest of us", and as a human being was capable of "these things." What things? Toland talked mostly of the Final Solution, and he implied, to the point at which it was all but explicit, that Hitler's real guilt was merely that he had carried out what many of us have imagined in our own hearts.

But this is false. It is not merely that most of us do not have the power to execute a Final Solution; most of us are incapable of imagining a Final Solution as something that a moral being would carry out, even if we had the power. When one talks of Hitler as evil, as apart from the rest of us, one is talking, not only of what he did, but of what he was capable of imagining. There is one girl in the Charles Manson story, as it is given in *Helter Skelter*, who was as much under Manson's spell as the others, but who refused his ultimate demand: she would not kill for him. Precisely because she also was weak and corruptible, she stands out in the end as a triumphant human being, unable to imagine herself killing as Manson wished her to kill. The whole effect of Toland's thesis is to deny what was still human in her; and no amount of psychological explanation or personal history can explain the others and diminish her individual moral resource.

In answer to questions, Toland twice turned aside puzzled inquiries about the possibility that "evil incarnate" sometimes walks the earth. "I don't know what 'incarnate' means," he said glibly. "Next question." Most of the questions were appeals for titillation, for snippets about Hitler's private life, his sexual inclinations and activities and of course fantasies. My answer about the audience had been found: human atrocity was being reduced to the level of lascivious tittle-tattle.

He also turned aside a question about the state of mind of the German people at the time. Yet to separate Hitler from the economic, social and cultural condition of the German people is not only absurd, it is unhistorical. He had material on which to work. When someone asked about the anti-Semitism of the Germans, he again gave an answer which made me draw my breath: an almost flip suggestion that anti-Semitism in the mind did not matter if it was not translated into deeds.

As in his book, Toland suggested that some of the methods of the Final Solution had been inspired by the American treatment of the Indians; and by the British, he went on; and did I really here him say, by the Chinese? What all of that is meant to prove, one does not know. To be inspired by earlier evil is not a justification of carrying it to a yet more atrocious level. There is something depraved in someone who purports to be writing history to equate—or seem to equate—Adolf Hitler with General Custer, Auschwitz with Wounded Knee. And a young man in the audience, whose question identified him as a Nazi, found comfort in what he heard.

During the late 1960s that sensitive writer, Renata Adler, complained that all the evil things that men do were being reduced in our discussion of them to the single level of atrocity; and if we went on doing this, she said, our moral sense would be finally atrophied. She was right. To talk of the American intervention in Vietnam as genocide was a shoddy trivialization. But Toland was doing much the same, in a different way. Actual atrocity, and the willingness of an entire people to acquiesce in it, were being exorcised.

I came out of the lecture, and went with a friend to Blues Alley, to eat and drink, and to listen to its jazz; and why not eat, drink, and be merry, when the shadow of Hitler that lies across the very soul of this century has been waved away as with a wand? At 1 a.m., we left the jazz and drove round Washington, with the top open. There was the Capitol gleaming on its Hill; there were

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the monuments to Washington, to Lincoln, to Jefferson. There was a city whose population is 80 percent black, and whatever the indecencies perpetrated against the blacks in 200 years, the Final Solution had never been contemplated. It was not even contemplated in the case of the Indians, whose virtual extermination was the result largely of terrible improvisations, rather than of settled purpose.

Why should we tolerate the equation of Hitler with the rest of us, and of nations that have grown morally slack with nations that manage to remain morally alert? This may not have been Toland's intention; he seems a decent enough hack. But it is the inevitable consequence of his methods and his lack of understanding of what he does.

For listen to him in his book, if not from my memory of his lecture. "My book has no thesis," he says, and quotes one of Graham Greene's characters: "The greatest saints have been men with a normal capacity for evil, and the most vicious men have sometimes narrowly evaded sanctity." Toland then sums up Hitler for us: "Deprived of heaven, Adolf Hitler chose hell—if, indeed, he knew the difference between the two. To the end, obsessed by his dream of cleansing Europe of Jews, he remained a Knight of the Hakenkreuz, a warped archangel, a hybrid of Prometheus and Lucifer." This is bunk, it is dangerous bunk, and it is perverse. It is also a thesis, whatever Toland's disclaimer, as vulgar as one would expect from someone who takes Graham Greene as his moral counsellor.

Attention: Jimmy Carter

An Inaugural Address

by John Hersey

We are all agreed that the time has come for a fresh start in our national life.

The task I have set myself on this occasion, which I hope will mark that start, is to probe beneath the rhetoric that has always been thought acceptable, or even requisite, in inaugural addresses. I shall not speak of sacrifice, pride, decency, honor, courage—though we shall need all of those treasures in plenty.

I have looked back to find the reasons for the need for national renewal. I have searched the administrations of my predecessors, not for political blunders, not for failures, not for crimes, but for moments of desperate honesty that by their very intensity might give clues to our need.

One such moment haunts me. Honesty from Presidents is more apt to be heard at the end than at the beginning of their terms, and it was just before the expiration of Dwight Eisenhower's time in office when he uttered a warning that was most surprising, coming from him.

In his farewell TV and radio address to the American people, President Eisenhower said, "In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. . . . We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. . . ."

The more I have thought about this warning—so uncharacteristic of that dull, fair-minded President—the louder it has sounded in my ears. It was like a wild cry of pain, for he was a lifetime soldier, a golf and bridge crony of powerful businessmen, a Republican not famous for startling and unorthodox insights. The danger must have stared him in the eye so starkly that he was forced to blurt out the alarm.

The course our history has taken since that time shows, alas, that the warning has not been adequately heeded.

The Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis, the great bog of Vietnam, the struggles in the Middle East, and two administrations that have been, to say the least, business-oriented have led to just what Eisenhower feared—the domination of our polity by the web of forces he had had to deal with, as general and as President.

In 1953 Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors, was widely misquoted as having said, in testimony before a Senate committee holding a closed confirmation hearing on his appointment as

John Hersey's most recent book is *My Petition for More Space* (Knopf).

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Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense: "What's good for General Motors is good for the country." An outcry arose, and the aphorism was taken as having been a horrendous Butz-like slip of the psyche. What Wilson had actually said was scandalous enough, in those days: the he had long felt that what was good for the country was good for GM, *and vice versa*.

In 1976 any such vice versa from a high government official would cause little surprise, because in the intervening years the influence of big business—of *all* big business, not just arms manufacturers—has penetrated far deeper into our structures than Eisenhower, in that late flash of realization, had come to fear it might.

The dominion of large corporations reaches now into every aspect of our lives: into the daily choices and decisions of national and foreign policy, into the growing alienation of the populace from "Washington," into public and private morality—into the entire tone of our culture.

Inaugural weather usually brings a rain of promises. I make only one promise today—into which many others, however, are locked.

My pledge to the American people is that I will do all I can to free their government from the domination I have described.

I say "do all I can." I am only the President. I am well aware that I am largely powerless, in this contest with entities deeply embedded in all the processes of the Republic, to do much more than ferret out and speak the truth.

How does this domination make itself felt?

First of all, in foreign policy, through pressures brought to bear by gigantic multinational corporations —General Motors, Exxon, IBM, General Electric, ITT, to give a few random examples—each of which has an annual budget far larger than that of any but a handful of nations in the UN.

To conjure up prime sticky wickets of the White House, the State Department, the CIA and the Pentagon, I need only mention the interests of multinationals in such resources as the gold, chrome and asbestos of Rhodesia; the manganese, copper, chrome, antimony, nickel, tin and uranium of South Africa; the nitrates and copper of Chile; the oil of Iran, Saudi Arabia, Nigeria and Venezuela. These business interests have directly affected our policies on apartheid, the Palestinians, Israel, Latin American dictatorships. Congress guaranteed lifeblood loans of $250 million to the Lockheed Corporation at the very time when the company was bribing Japanese and other foreign and domestic fixers, to the tune of $202 million. Wheat sales to the Soviet Union and other countries were rigged, not in favor of hungry people but in favor of big grain dealers. Interminable delays in the SALT negotiations have been only partly caused by Russian foot-dragging; our own military-industrial complex has covertly—and successfully—resisted them.

Because the interests of our government have become so intertwined with those of the multinationals, our country's ideals and hopes have been played false by its actual policies and methods. Business morality, if it can be called morality, has tainted our pretensions to concern for racial and economic justice and for peace. Bribery, assassination and influence-peddling have brought results where compassion, concern for the consent of the governed, care for the poor and hungry of the earth, and even prudent self-interest have not.

Here at home, again, I need only tick off a few key phrases to suggest areas in which business influence has managed to keep the government from taking effective action for the safety and well-being of the citizenry: Kepone in the James River, PCB in the Hudson; slowdown of controls of automotive pollutants; inadequate safety precautions in nuclear plants; fantastically hazardous negligence in the transport and disposal of nuclear wastes; headlong sale to private companies of leases for oil-drilling on the Atlantic shelf; a bill to limit strip-mining vetoed; influenza vaccine dangerously delayed because of insurance companies, then even more dangerously hurried; sale of arms to Saudi Arabia, among many other countries; handguns a glut on an open market; computer networks building up data banks of private information about citizens; the recent drift of health insurance back toward the private sector while hospital costs skyrocket; first-class postage rates at 13 cents and probably going up again while junk-mail rates are kept down and delivery service is a farce; prices and profits both on the wing; federal consumer protection nonexistent; regulatory agencies acting as advocates and protectors of the businesses they are supposed to regulate, their personnel ridden with conflicts of interest; the Pentagon budget going up and up; the tax structure articulated in favor of specific corporations; antitrust laws halfheartedly observed. . .

If we are to deal with the urgent problems of our society before they cross over into the panic zone—unemployment, poverty, the decay of cities, racism, crime, education, health services—we do need a healthy economy. Our industries do need raw materials from abroad. Under our system we do need viable corporations. But as government must be the servant of our public, not its master, so too must the business community be subservient to government, and not its manager—else the warnings of Dwight Eisenhower will have come home in all too bitter a way.

We have already reached the unhealthy stage at which business influence—and the immorality of greed that goes with it—have thoroughly permeated the "Washington" that turns the public off. The essence of Nixonism was the corporate mentality. Where war and peace are at stake, this mentality is placed under an almost intolerable strain. Three times as many tons of

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aerial munitions were dropped during the Vietnam War as were dropped on Europe, Africa, and Asia in all of World War II. This kept many factories humming, and not far under the surface of the rhetoric justifying our presence in South Vietnam lay a tacit aphorism far more horrifying than that archaic one about General Motors. This one would run: war is good for business—and therefore good for our people. My one pledge is that I will do my best to free your government from business domination. I believe that this freeing, if we can accomplish it, will enable us to plan, not simply to blunder into, our future. It will enable us, in our efforts for peace in the nuclear age, to speak to the world with a fresh candor and conviction. And it will help us, here at home, to turn around what has more and more seemed a corrupt and decadent society and to work for a stable prosperity based on a new kind of public trust and confidence.

Economic Chills and Fevers

Uneasy Portugal

by Tad Szulc

Lisbon

Portugal is a sad place as winter approaches this year. The chilly mists rise from the Tagus River, engulfing the ancient houses on Alfama hill that rises over Lisbon. In downtown Rossio square, huddled vendors sell roasted chestnuts wrapped in cones of old newspapers that once spoke of The Revolution.

There are crowds on Rossio and along the majestic Avenida da Liberdade, but they seem to have little purpose: many strollers are unemployed Portuguese workers and refugees from Angola still trying to fit into the society of the metropolis. In front of the Rivoli Hotel, furtive youths accost foreigners, whispering how cheaply the expensive watches they have procured God-knows-where can be bought. Cars and green double-decker buses fill the streets, but this an illusion of prosperity. In his official residence right behind São Bento Palace, the home of the National Assembly and the symbol of Portugal's young democracy, the Socialist prime minister, Mario Soares, worries about where to obtain foreign exchange to import food to give the Portuguese enough to eat in the winter ahead.

This is Lisbon today, 32 months after the euphoria of the glorious movement of the armed forces that ousted Portugal's 48-year-old rightist dictatorship, and a year or so after the extreme left, a strange coalition of military officers and civilians, tried and failed to take power through insurrection in the streets. It is a very different Lisbon from the politically effervescent city I knew last year.

For more than one and a half years after the dictatorship was overthrown on April 25, 1974, Lisbon was a political battlefield. The extreme left and the Communist party, sometimes acting in harmony and sometimes at cross-purposes, sought to take over the country in an effort that culminated in the abortive coup in November 1975. Centrist and right-of-center military and civilian groups, and, most importantly, the Socialist party, were able to beat back the challenge, but Portugal had suffered untold economic and social damage during the entire period when, for all practical purposes, the country was ungoverned and rent by chaos.

Strikes and expropriations—sometimes by the new regime and sometimes by factory workers, farm hands, newspaper, hotel and restaurant employees—resulted in a dramatic drop in productivity. This had a devastating effect on a nation whose economy was at best primitive by European standards, and whose resources had already been drained by 12 years of African colonial wars. The influx of at least a half-million refugees from Angola, given independence by the revolutionary regime, compounded the problems of unemployment and lack of housing. Huge wage increases, frequently politically motivated, created a consumer demand that the economy could not meet. Runaway inflation followed.

A few statistics show that the crisis threatens Portugal with the nearest thing to economic collapse: unemployment (including exiled Angolans) stands at close to 20 percent in this nation of nine million; inflation is running at an annual rate of almost 30 percent; the balance-of-payments deficit for 1976 is estimated at $1.2 billion and the domestic budget deficit at $1.7 billion; consumption is up 15 percent while

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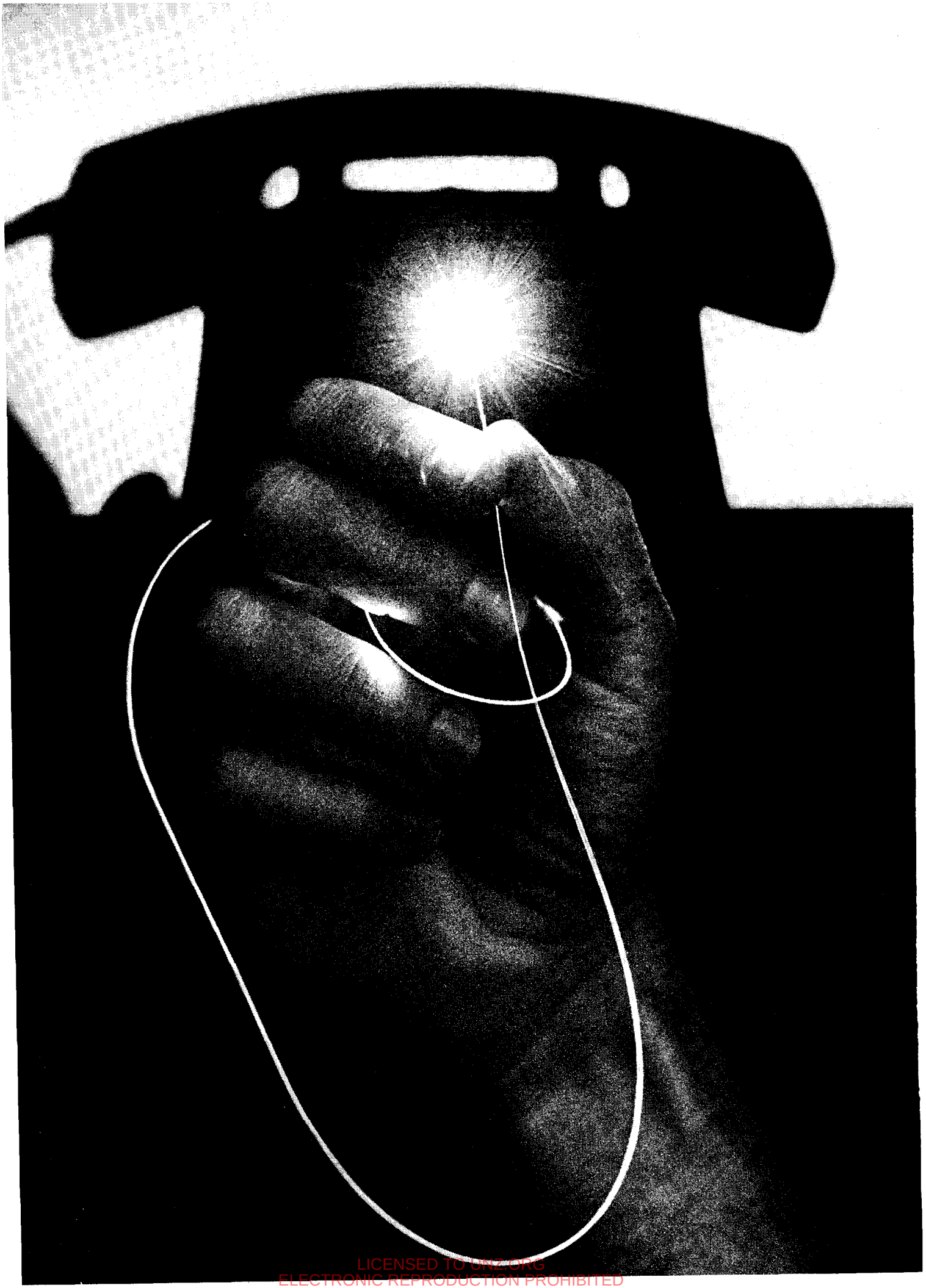

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overall investment is down 40 percent; internal savings are down from 23 percent of the gross national product in 1974 to four percent this year; national capital formation is one-half of what is needed.

To this dismal picture add the fact that enterprises now run by the state, largely as a result of the 1974-5 nationalizations, produce an annual deficit of around one billion dollars, a staggering amount by Portuguese standards—the annual GNP is $13 billion—and a major factor in the budgetary deficit. But the terrible irony is that the Soares government cannot close down the enterprises that promise to be indefinitely in deficit (though some Portuguese economists have recommended it) because it would further increase unemployment.

Soares, in office since July, is painfully aware of the magnitude of the Portuguese economic crisis and its political implications. (He may well sense the danger of a coup from the right, the end of Portugal's infant democracy, and a return to dictatorship—if the situation doesn't improve within a reasonable time.) The danger from the extreme left is currently more limited because it has been deeply divided since the events of November 1975. However, the Communist party which is particularly strong in the labor unions, is still a force to be reckoned with. To put it simply, the continued survival of democracy in Portugal is intimately linked to the state of the economy, a fact that is well understood by the Soares team.

In a gloomy speech on September 9, Soares told the nation frankly that "the hour of truth" had come, that austerity measures were imperative, and that he had to have national support for his policies as the only way to find a "non-repressive and democratic" solution for economic problems and avoid "dolorous confrontations that may cover Portugal with blood." He added: "We have to face (the problems) courageously if we want to save democracy in this country, because this is what it's all about. . .Dictatorial pseudo-solutions, from the right or the left, are always imposed at the workers' expense, with the heaviest sacrifices."

Early in November, Soares (who noted in the September speech that at the rate Portuguese deficits were mounting "the state will inevitably collapse, and in a short time") unveiled an austerity program. But it satisfied nobody. Workers took exception to a steep increase in the price of public transportation and to orders that Christmas bonuses be paid in government bonds. The middle class resented a 20 to 30 percent surcharge on imported goods and a 60 percent tax on "superfluous or luxury" imports ranging from furs to liquor and jewelry. Many economists, on the other hand, took the view that Soares was not decisive enough and his program not sufficiently stern.

Actually, the truth is that Soares and his minority Socialist government (the party received 35 percent of the vote in last June's parliamentary elections, but refused to enter a coalition with the Social Democrats who won 16 percent) must walk an incredibly thin tightrope in attempting to save the economy while preserving democracy. When I visited Soares at his office early in November, he was trying to project a modicum of optimism. He told me he could see "the light at the end of the tunnel," but, quite clearly, the task facing him could be impossible.

The fine line lies between the danger that the economy will indeed collapse if Soares fails to act with determination, and the danger that excessively harsh austerity measures will make him lose popular support. In either case, Portugal may slip back into chaos and then a rightist dictatorship.

Not only is Soares opposed by the right—there are reliable reports that rightists are actively conspiring against the government—but his own Socialist party is split. The party's left wing faction virtually broke away from the prime minister at the Socialist congress early in November, in part in protest against his austerity program and in part because it felt he was "betraying" the 1974 revolution.

The latter charge stems from Soares' decision to eliminate exaggerated extreme leftist influences from public education and to return to the owners some of the land expropriated by peasants in 1974 and 1975. His own agriculture minister, Antonio Lopes Cardoso, resigned late in October charging that the government was destroying the "agrarian reform." Left wing Socialists opposing the economic policies, including a well-known National Assembly deputy, were suspended by Soares for trying to engineer a revolt within the party. Socialist left wingers are now moving toward an alliance with a Communist-sponsored political front in what may be the beginning of the reconstruction of the badly splintered Portuguese left.

Soares himself admits that the Communists control about two-thirds of the membership in *Intersindical*, the powerful labor federation, with the Socialists holding one-third of the rank-and-file. And there are other signs that the left is returning to political life. Vasco Gonçalves, a pro-Communist army officer who served as prime minister in 1975, recently broke a year's silence with the publication of a document highly critical of Soares. Maj. Ernesto Melo Antunes, the ideologue of the 1974 revolution and a former foreign minister, is emerging again as a leftist spokesman after leading the movement among the military that blocked the advance of Gonçalves and the Communist party to power in August, 1975. The attempted coup the following November was the extreme left's desperate reaction to Gonçalves' collapse. Leftist politics in Portugal are obviously complex, and they remain important.

Still, the left must unite if it is to pose a serious threat to the Soares government. This unity was not evident in October when the government placed Maj. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, an extreme leftist and defeated

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presidential candidate, under a 20-day detention for involvement in politics in violation of military regulations. The Communists looked the other way when Carvalho, a political folk hero only a year ago, was arrested; they haven't forgiven him for taking votes away from the Communist candidate in last summer's presidential elections. The leftist split was one reason Gen. Ramalho Eanes, who, as chief of staff of the army, smashed the November *putsch*, was elected president of Portugal.

Soares' principal concern is the right. Ranging from the *ancien régime* "ultras," military and civilian, to conservative businessmen and northern farmers, the rightists become increasingly dangerous as the economy deteriorates. Ironically, the left's opposition to the government's economic measures tends to strengthen the right. Even Soares' associates acknowledge that if the economic crisis is not arrested by mid-1977, there is a good chance for a rightist coup attempt. In the meantime, rightists are busy destabilizing the economy (as is the left) and trying to build up positions within the armed forces.

All this increasingly isolates Soares and his minority Socialists. The key question in Lisbon is whether the prime minister may not be forced to invite the Social Democrats and other centrists to join him in a coalition of "national salvation" to strengthen the government even if the Socialists do well in the December 12 municipal elections.

Soares has a serious problem with the Social Democrats (until recently known as the Popular Democratic party). Its chief, Francisco Sá Carneiro, was a member of the dictatorship's rubber-stamp National Assembly when Soares was in prison and in exile before the 1974 revolution. Although he has already lost the left wing faction, Soares doesn't want to be pushed too far to the right: he is keen on keeping his Socialist credentials as pure as possible.

Nevertheless a coalition may become the only solution for Soares, and President Eanes may well put considerable pressure on his prime minister to accept it. Thus far Eanes is an unknown quantity politically, although he is thought to favor centrist positions. As an experienced Western diplomat told me, Eanes may turn out to "be a de Gaulle or a figurehead—it's still too soon to tell."

To a growing extent the Soares government is dependent on foreign aid for economic survival. Such assistance is available because both the United States and Western Europe realize that Portugal's present regime must be shored up. In November, Portugal received an emergency $300 million loan from Washington and the European Free Trade Association (EFTA), of which Lisbon is a member, organized a $100 million fund to set up small and medium-sized industry in the country. Earlier, the US had provided Portugal with $200 million in aid, mostly in commodity loans.

The emergency loan is designed to help Soares with his immediate balance-of-payments problems. Portugal imports 50 percent of its food and all of its oil requirements. Its foreign currency reserves are gone, and much of its gold is mortgaged against a variety of earlier loans. And Portuguese problems nowadays go far beyond immediate cash needs.

The real need is for a stable economic base. With the loss of the African colonies, which for centuries supported Lisbon, the Portuguese economy is no longer viable. The country's traditional exports—sardines, cork, wines and similar goods—were never adequate to pay for the imports. Tourism was a major source of foreign currency income, but it dropped drastically after the 1974 revolution. Remittances from hundreds of thousands of Portuguese workers in Western Europe and the United States, another crucial source, have been curtailed as a result of the recession. Therefore, Portugal must improve its agricultural system to feed itself, and it must have an industry that can meet internal consumer demand and, hopefully, provide some export earnings.

None of this can be achieved overnight and the emergency assistance is designed to keep Portugal afloat until at least the beginnings of a new economic structure can take shape. The Ford administration has opened negotiations with Western European governments to set up a $1.5 billion consortium for Portugal's economic development (the Carter administration will presumably go along with it), with the US contributing around $350 million. This will be a good start. Perhaps as important is the encouragement of investor confidence. But this depends, in turn, on a reasonably stable political situation, which can be obtained only when the current economic crisis is resolved.

Portugal seems to be caught in a vicious circle. When I saw Soares in November, he was talking about modernizing and expanding the Portuguese fishing fleet. He was pleased by recent inquiries from a major French automotive manufacturer about building a plant in Portugal. He discussed some other development concepts. He hoped that the planned establishment of diplomatic relations with the new regime in Angola (which has rich oil reserves found by a US company) will lead to profitable new trade. But in the end, it is clear that Portugal's future hinges on Soares' ability to prevent an economic collapse.

Soares himself suggested as much when he mentioned his plans to tour Western Europe early in 1977 to seek additional assistance, short and long-term. The US government is aware that last month's emergency cash loan is not enough, and that more will be required in the new year. Having supported, or at least tolerated, the Portuguese dictatorship for so many years, Western democracies now have a moral and political obligation, it seems to me, to protect Portugal from relapsing into a dark age.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

No Man's Land

(Longacre)

Thoughts While Watching Harold Pinter's New Play:

Pinter can't get over his good luck at having been born English. How he enjoys the proudly articulated architecture of British utterance, the knowledge that this utterance is both his own and part of a community's, the protocols of various British strata. I can imagine a French Pinter (Pan-tay) but not an American or German one. He needs his characters' faith in language itself and the insolence of whatever class they happen to be, whether they are the two servants in this play or the two writers.

The social line in Pinter's work has been mobile upward. A few of his early one-act plays dealt with middle-middle or upper-middle people, but most went lower. His long plays began at the bottom of the social scale (*The Birthday Party, The Caretaker*), moved up to working-class that at least produced a university professor (*The Homecoming*), through middle-middle people not much interested in class (*Old Times*), to upper-middle people who, by their bearing in several senses, are much interested in class (*No Man's Land*). Cyril Connolly once said—of British writers—that one of the perquisites of an author's success was his entry into societies that might not otherwise be open to him. Pinter has long had that entry, but it has only lately been much reflected in his work.

Because, in result of this, Pinter has lately been using high-comedy dialogue as one element in his mix, he has been accused—fallaciously, I think—of becoming like Noël Coward. This is to confuse one writer's conscious use of the flossy with another writer's desperate clinging to flossy-as-all. (And before we try to sink Coward without a trace, let's remember that T. E. Lawrence compared his prose to Congreve's.) In *No Man's Land* Hirst tells Spooner how, years before, he seduced Spooner's wife: "Proposed that she betray you. Admitted you were a damn fine chap, but pointed out that I would be taking nothing that belonged to you, simply that portion of herself all women keep in reserve, for a rainy day." Only superficially is this passage like Coward. The wit serves an observation, instead of vice versa. (Besides there is a counterpoint of four-letter profanities through the play that is meant as a presence of ugliness to put the elegance in certain context.)

Ralph Richardson is Hirst, a successful man of letters. John Gielgud is Spooner, a scruffy, erudite poet. (Londoners tell me that Spooner is virtually a portrait of a local figure—not conceivably Auden, as one New York report said.) The two have just met in a pub, and Richardson has brought Gielgud home for more drink. (At least that's the first version that we see.) To watch these two actors together, and it's much truer here than in Storey's unrewarding *Home*, is an immensely moving experience: not because the play is moving—it stays well within the limits of the comic-menacing—but because we know we are witnessing the vintage years of two greatly gifted artists. (I got something of the same feeling from Lotte Lehmann in her last days as the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier*.)

A long-time observer of these two men can note how they have grown. Gielgud, when I first saw him in the early 1930s in *The Good Companions* and *Hamlet*, was a nervous, strong, rather too chic actor with an adenoidal timbre to his voice. The maturing of his artistic intelligence and the development of his voice comprise one of the fine, intrinsically theatrical achievements of our time. Richardson in his earlier days was only a clever trickster, with a way of reading lines off kilter that was meant to draw attention to itself. His Falstaff in 1946 was merely nasty. Under the mannerisms a mine of humanity has been opened, enveloping and consuming the tricks. For me the change was finally clear in his Peter Teazle in 1962.

Both of these now-wonderful men have at their command deep resources in every kind of role, but what gives their performances here a special beauty is their classical experience. Take the opening lines. Both men are discovered on stage in Richardson's living room. The host is pouring a whiskey for his guest and in his first line he asks whether Gielgud wants it straight. "As it is?" A banal colloquial line, and only an actor of classical command could read it as Richardson does, putting his vocal "hand" firmly on the audience, determinedly *beginning* the play with three separate utterances. "As. It. Is?" Gielgud replies, "As it is, yes please, absolutely as it is," with a deliberately outsize fervor on the word "absolutely" that is comic mastery. These very first lines register so deeply that they work retroactively when we later see that nothing in the play *is* "absolutely as it is." It's not impossible, Pinter being the writer he is, that this reverberation was intentional. But it's also not impossible that, hardly for the first time in theater history, two actors have enriched a play.

This is a production of the National Theater of Great Britain, directed by Peter Hall, the new head of that theater. Hall has treated the play like the conductor-choreographer he proved himself in *The Homecoming*. John Bury, Pinter's customary designer, has done a setting that is at once *luxe* and supportive of the title.

Thoughts After The Play:

By now it's the received wisdom about *No Man's Land* that it is lesser Pinter, well-written but meaningless, that its only apparent point is to describe one man's realization (Hirst's) that he has reached No Man's Land (spiritual desolation) and the other man's attempts to befriend him for personal advantage. The last seems to me to be true so far as a point can be isolated. I agree, too that the play is lesser Pinter so long as the phrase is kept strictly relative; and that the play is

Films Worth Seeing

The Last Tycoon. Fitzgerald's fragment fractured further. Still, some atmosphere—and Robert De Niro's strong-dreamy performance.

The Marquise of O . . . Eric Rohmer's exquisite film "placement" of Kleist's novella, in Kleist's language. A gem.

Network. TV power plays. Paddy Chayefsky's script is basically phony, but it crackles along. Cast and direction are slick.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud—and high time, too, for both of them. A wonderfully acted romp.

SK

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meaningless—in the conventional sense of meaning.

There are four distinct, unconnected states of relationship between the two men. The first is as described above; the others, which contradict it and each other, I won't detail. The shifts are arbitrary, from one to the next. For me it's the expansion of an approach that Pinter began in *Old Times*: superimposing, one on the other, different ways in which relationships between the same people can be imagined or extrapolated. It's a kind of dramaturgic cubism, combining "simultaneously"—as far as the serial time of the theater permits—different views of the same objects, to intensify our response to them. I kept thinking of the Resnais-Robbe-Grillet film *Last Year at Marienbad*, or at least of the impulses behind it. We enter a room (the curtain rises) and see two people: quickly their relationship is defined, one way or another. But it *could* have been defined quite differently. A could have been B's brother, instead of his cousin, if the author had said so: B could have been a dentist instead of a textile converter, and so on. To play with these possibilities is to try to make reverie real, to enclose on stage a territory of imagination, to substitute for linear development a texture of mystery.

Hirst's two ominous servants are a sounding-board, resonating the mystery, compounding the comedy of contradictions with shadowy overtones.

This play is lesser in Pinter's work because No Man's Land is only described, never realized (as the dark immanent dragons of threatening sexuality were realized in *Old Times*). But *No Man's Land* is meaningless only by a canon that denies much of 20th-century art.

Note on Self-knowledge. "These four plays represent me at my best," said Joseph Papp recently (*The New York Times*, Nov. 19, '76), speaking of *Streamers*, *Colored Girls*, *A Chorus Line*, and *Threepenny Opera*. The first two were productions of other theaters and were merely transferred by Papp. For *A Chorus Line* (as he has admitted previously) he served only as host. Just *one* of these plays that "represent me at my best"—*Threepenny Opera*—was actually produced by Papp.

B. H. Haggin on Recordings

This is a report of the notable recordings issued since last spring, to which I will add suggestions for Christmas gifts.

Though Colin Davis has recorded superb performances of Berlioz's music, the one of *Harold in Italy* some years ago was surprisingly ineffective; and one is therefore surprised again by his excellent new one with the London Symphony (on Philips 9500.026). Not only does it realize the marvelous subtleties of melodic and harmonic progression and orchestral color in the second and third movements, but it gives the movements the shapes and effects that depend on strict adherence to the tempos specified with metronome markings. Thus it is by maintaining the tempo of the finale unchanged, as the score directs, that Davis gives the passage of climactic pronouncements by the trombones and tuba its electrifying effect. What Toscanini gives it (and the entire finale) in addition is his hair-raising power; and one should therefore acquire also his great performance on the German Victrola record.

Davis is not successful with Beethoven's dramatic Fifth and Ninth Symphonies; but he produces a first-rate performance of the Fourth with the BBC Symphony (on Philips 9500.032). And his performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with Stephen Bishop (on 6500.975) offers the same extraordinarily integrated operation of soloist and orchestra that their performance of No. 5 did a few years ago.

The marvelous playing of the Chicago Symphony in Solti's performances of Beethoven's nine symphonies (on London CSP-9) testifies to his impressive powers as a conductor; but his ineffective tempos and ineffective shaping of the works with modifications of tempo—particularly in the dramatic

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Nos. 3, 5 and 9, but also in some movements of the other symphonies—are evidence of flawed musical insight.

My first hearing of the conductor Antonio de Almeida is provided by his excellent performances with the Orchestra Sinfonica di Roma (on Philips 6580.124) of Haydn's Symphony No. 94 *(Surprise)* and the less frequently played No. 96, in which Almeida points up the Haydn operation of constant melodic, harmonic and rhythmic surprise that attains sheer incandescence.

Ashkenazy's superb playing in Prokofiev's five piano concertos with the London Symphony under Previn (on London CSA-2314) doesn't make the seldom-heard Nos. 1, 4 and 5 as interesting as the familiar Nos. 2 and 3, the latter of which is one of Prokofiev's outstandingly fine works. In addition Ashkenazy conducts the orchestra in an excellent performance of Prokofiev's charming *Classical Symphony*, and plays with a small group in the Overture on Hebrew Themes.

Two other distinguished pianists and musicians, Maurizio Pollini and Murray Perahia, offer their different performances of Chopin's 24 Preludes. Perahia's (on Columbia M-33507), quietly sensitive and elegant, are probably closer to what Chopin imagined than Pollini's (on Deutsche Grammophon 2530.550), which are powerfully declamatory, but in this different style convincing and impressive.

As for great pianists of the past, the performances of Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 109 and Op. 111 that Schnabel recorded for RCA in 1942, and that have been issued only now (on AMV1-1410), reveal a saddening loss of what made the performances he recorded 10 years earlier for HMV (now on Seraphim records) unique: the unfailing continuity and proportion in the shaping of phrase, the relating of each phrase to the next, the structuring of the entire movement—to say nothing of mere grace and accurate execution. But no such loss is heard in the performances of Mozart's Concertos K.466 and 491 that Schnabel recorded in 1950 with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Susskind (reissued on Turnabout THS-65 040), which offer impressive examples of his distinctive strength in delicacy in the phrasing of Mozart.

On the other hand Gieseking, in a 1955 performance of Mozart's Concerto K.467 with the New York Philharmonic under Cantelli (on IGI-349 of the Bruno Walter Society, Box 921, Berkeley, Calif. 94701), plays not in his characteristic miniature style but, on this one occasion, with an unprecedented and astounding power of tone and phrasing that one can explain only by the effect on him of Cantelli's conducting. (Iturbi, in a performance of the same work in 1933, responded in the same way to the conducting of Toscanini.)

The violinist Grumiaux and his associates have completed their series of Mozart's string quintets with excellent performances of K.593 and 614 (on Philips 6500.621), each in its own way one of the great works that deserve the more frequent hearing they don't get. And other notable chamber-music recordings offer the Weller Quartet's performances of Mozart's Quartets K.575 and 590 (on London STS-15291) and Beethoven's Op. 74 *(Harp)* and Op. 95 (on STS-15220); I Musici's of Mendelssohn's String Octet (on Philips 6580.103, with his uninteresting early String Symphonies Nos. 10 and 12); and the cellist Lynn Harrell's performance with James Levine of Schubert's *Arpeggione* Sonata (on RCA ARL1-1568, with the uninteresting Mendelssohn Sonata Op. 58).

Victoria de los Angeles' exquisite performance of Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'Eté* with the Boston Symphony under Munch (reissued on RCA AVM1-1412) is one to add to Eleanor Steber's powerfully phrased performance with an orchestra under Micropoulos.

And though Fischer-Dieskau's voice was fresher in the earlier performance of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the beautiful playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra under Furtwängler (still available on German Electrola 1 C 063-00898), he produces superb singing in the later performance with the Bavarian Radio Symphony under Kubelik (on Deutsche Grammophon 2530.630, regrettably with uninteresting pieces by Frank Martin).

Schubert's Mass in E-flat, which like every great work of his includes extraordinary new turns of his musical thinking, is performed well by Geroge Guest with the Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge, the Academy of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and soloists who include Felicity Palmer, Helen Watts and Christopher Keyte (on Argo ZRG-825).

And Columbia has done well to reissue (on Odyssey Y-33789) Stravinsky's earlier performance of *Oedipus Rex* which not only is superior to his own later one but offers a more powerful statement of the work than Leonard Bernstein's new one (on Columbia M-33999). For one thing Martha Mödl and Peter Pears, in the early Stravinsky performance, sing with more powerful phrasing and dramatic expressiveness than Tatiana Troyanos and René Kollo in the Bernstein.

As for opera, there are Bayreuth Festival performances of the best of Wagner's early works, *Lohengrin*, in which the impressive gifts he began with operate unpretentiously with attractive results, and the finest of his later works, *Die Meistersinger*, in which it is his fully matured powers that operate unpretentiously with—in parts of the second and third acts—incandescently beautiful and expressively overwhelming results. The 1962 *Lohengrin* (on Philips 6598.078), conducted effectively by Sawallisch, is sung well by Anja Silya (though her voice is slight and pallid for Elsa), Jess Thomas, Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay and Franz Crass; but the 1974 *Meistersinger* (on 6747.167), conducted well by Varvisio, offers only Karl Ridderbusch's superbly sung Hans Sachs, with singing by Jean Cox, the Walther, that exhibits strain when it rises above the staff, and more disturbingly inadequate and unattractive singing by the other principals.

I have postponed to the last what I consider most important: first the performances that Toscanini recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1941-1942, of which the one of Schubert's Symphony No. 9 was not issued by RCA until 1963, and the rest—of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, Berlioz's *Queen Mab*, Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* Symphony, and Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria*, among other things—not until now (on CRM5-1900). There is no need of going into the complexities of the actual reasons for this delay; but there *is* need of reassuring interested music-lovers who may be scared away by the official RCA explanations parroted by the writers of the accompanying brochures and the other reviews who hear whatever they need to hear for what they happen to be writing. These writers have reported their having listened to the test pressings of the original recordings and heard the appalling damage inflicted by faulty wartime processing. The damage was described in 1963 as the noise-level that had concealed the marvelous sound which now could be heard as a result of the engineers' hundreds of hours of restorative work and "the miracles of new electronic transfer techniques"; the 1976 annotator reports in addition to this noise-level damage to the sound itself: obliteration of "upper string

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partials" and an excessively low playback level that often made the sound inaudible in pianissimo passages. I would say first that if in fact all this had been true of the original recordings there would have been the same reason for RCA to issue the extraordinary performances and music-lovers to acquire them as for museums to exhibit the damaged sculptures and buildings unearthed by archeologists' excavations. But in fact I still have the letter I wrote to an RCA engineer named Sinnott in 1942 after listening to test pressings of *La Mer* and *Queen Mab*, in which I reported the magnificent sound I had heard and said nothing about any noise having interposed itself between that sound and my ears. And the records of *La Mer*, *Ibêria* and *Queen Mab* that I have listened to now produce the same beautiful sound, with surface noise that again is not disturbingly obtrusive, and with occasional swishes and other noises this time that represent the deterioration of the metal masters, and that one can endure as one endures the similar defects of the records of today. They should not keep anyone from listening to what was achieved by this great conductor and musician at the height of his powers in collaboration with this great orchestra—as it happens, his last recorded performances in his earlier expansive style, and as such more effective, most of them, than the ones of the same pieces that he recorded later with the NBC Symphony. And I suggest this collection as one perfect Christmas gift for a music-lover.

Another gift of comparable artistic magnitude is the performance of Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* that Cantelli conducted at the Piccolo Scala in 1956 (on IGI-326 of the Bruno Walter Society), with Schwarzkopf, Merriman, Sciutti, Alva, Panerai and Calabrese. It stands apart from all others as an achievement of Cantelli's individual genius, characteristic in its flow of absolute and seemingly effortless perfection. (Except for the low strings of the orchestra that are only faintly audible, the sound is excellent.)

Art and Exhibitionism

The Whitney's recent Bicentennial round-up of American sculpture was called the "Venturi show," not a reference to an artist or a curator, but to Robert Venturi, the architect whose firm created the exhibition's installation. At the Metropolitan "The World of Franklin and Jefferson" became the "Eames show," after Charles and Ray Eames whose organization mounted the exhibit. There has been a power and status shift in the art world. The exhibition designer has become a star, a cult figure whose involvement with an exhibition can draw funds, crowds and critical attention. Twenty years ago the job of installation designer, as it is known today, did not exist.

Since the days when art came off the walls of caves and churches, someone has always had to put it in one place or another. The keeper of the works, whether owner or curator, generally designated their location. Nevertheless, like styles of painting or sculpture, there are general styles of arrangement. The 19th century's favored mode of presentation is embodied in Samuel Morse's painting of the *Gallery of the Louvre*. Tier upon tier of paintings hung in a hall furnished like an upper class drawing room. Visibility varied depending upon the size of the work, its placement on the wall, and the changing conditions of natural light.

The 20th century saw a new simplicity in installations, but it was still the curator or dealer, along with an entourage of carpenters, painters and electricians, who ruled the public viewing rooms. The exceptions were rare. Frederick Kiesler's design for the commercial gallery *Art of This Century* is often cited as a landmark event, though it is remembered more as a work of art than as an installation.

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The need for art exhibition designers remained negligible so long as art remained firmly within its own space, each work a world unto itself. But in the late '40s painting moved out of its frame and appropriated the viewer's environment. Abstract expressionism challenged artists, dealers, curators and collectors to see painting in a new context. Its huge scale and strong, unmixed color could not keep polite company with conventional viewing rooms. Thus the pristine gallery space was born—white walls, bare bleached floors, and ceiling spots—and with it, the specialist in art installation and exhibition design.

In a recent series of *Artforum* articles, Brian O'Doherty argued that "as modernism gets older, context becomes content." While the significance of the gallery space as the critical context for viewing modern art evolved gradually throughout this century, the '60s saw this dependence become vital. Christo's wrapped packages, Carl Andre's bricks, Richard Serra's lead plates, Dan Flavin's flourescent lights—an astonishing variety and number of works came to exist as art objects within the gallery space. Apart from the calculated purity of this viewing situation, they merged back into the mundane reality from which the artist seems to have redeemed them.

If the visual demands of the new art contributed to the exhaltation of the designer, the museums were not far behind with praise and commissions. In the museum, however, pristine gallery space was often transformed into a Tiffany or Cartier showcase, with pin spots illuminating treasures cradled in yards of pulled silk. Ironically, the glamour of recent museum exhibitions grew out of the '60s cry for "relevance." In an effort to swell attendance figures, museum administrators saw the designer as a means of popularizing the visual material. Setting has always been helpful to the appreciation of art, as dealers like Lord Duveen well knew. Often a recalcitrant client could be swayed by seeing the work in red-velvet. The public was just as susceptible to this form of seduction, and its current romance with art may be as much an infatuation with setting as with the objects themselves.

Finally, it is the character of the art scene in this decade that has brought designers to their new eminence. Thus far, the '70s has been a time in which artists' reputations are consolidated or rescued rather than made. New heroes must be sought, and the designer, a figure of esthetic neutrality, is well suited to the critical confusion of the times. Neither realist nor formalist, painter nor conceptualist, dealer, collector, nor curator, the installation designer links the art establishment with the public.

Yet, while the attention to installation design has brought new elegance to the viewing experience, it has also brought new problems. The '60s saw audio-visual overkill turn art exhibitions into sound and light shows. The excesses of the present decade are less obvious, more paradoxical. In a perverse sense, the exhibition design of the '70s is almost too good. The quality of the installation often obscures the quality of the art. Today's designers are capable of making us see genius where there is none, and they can even make us see an exhibition that doesn't exist.

The Richard Avedon exhibition at the New York branch of Marlborough Galleries is a case in point. A landmark photography installation, it broke with the stereotypical format of photo display. Rather than row upon row of standard size prints, Avedon, working closely with designer Marvin Israel, varied the scale of his images. Taking his cue from the artist, Israel paced the exhibition, orchestrating the mood and scale of the photos' placement superbly. Movement through the show was nothing less than exhilarating, and the viewer emerged with an undeservedly high opinion of the works presented. Only after seeing the pictures again, apart from that installation, did variations in quality emerge. Avedon is a fine technician, but he is not the major artist that the Israel installation suggested.

This refined mode of intimidation was also exemplified by the National Gallery of Art's installation of ancient Chinese treasures lent by the People's Republic, a diplomatic as well as an art historical event. Galleries were decorated in the most sumptuous manner conceiveable. Gaillard Ravenel, the show's designer, spared no expense on fabrics, lighting, vitrines, pedestals, carpets, flowers and plants. Most of the pieces on display were as splendid as their setting. The low point of the exhibition came, however, when one peered through a plexiglas oval into a pin-spotted, silk covered case to see what appeared to be a mildewed eggroll. This overdramatization (of what the label identified as "fried breadroll, Tang Dynasty, seventh century, A.D.") looked absurd, for an archaeological curiosity should not be presented as an art object. It was, in effect, the "right" setting for a wrong conclusion.

The non-exhibit exhibition is still another manifestation of the designer's prominence. These are exhibitions in art museums that contain few actual art objects, but are filled instead with back-lit panels, photo murals and lots of labels. The Eames show now at The Los Angeles County Museum of Art (through January 2) is an obvious example. The theme of the show is the

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life and times of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, the people, places and ideas that formed their world. The Eames presentation is dominated by words. They fly overhead on white banners trimmed in red and blue; they cover the charts on the walls. Words decorate the stanchions that litter the exhibition like the obstacle course of a pinball machine. Pictures, not paintings but pictures of paintings, took second place to the words. The David portrait of Lavoisier and his wife is reproduced, cropped, without mention of the artist or its accessible location in the library of Rockefeller University. Even more dubious is the use of photo murals. These murals are the latest obsession of installation designers, and their fascination with them defies explanation. As wallpaper, a photo mural is merely expensive, and as decoration it is of negligible value. They are almost always poor photography since the image is invariably grainy and the distortion of scale destroys the tonality. In the Eames show, inexplicably, the mural covers the walls at each end of the exhibition with white, puffy clouds floating in a blue sky.

The relatively few objects on display in this exhibition are exotic, but hardly worth the time and trouble of a show. A stuffed buffalo, Jefferson's boots, some scientific instruments scarcely warrant a display of this magnitude. A book would be more than sufficient to convey the data amassed, and, in fact, the exhibition's catalogue is the best part of the experience. In many ways this exhibition is nothing more than a three dimensional catalogue, like a child's book in which the figures pop out into space. No one seems to have asked the crucial question—is there anything in this show that cannot be presented within the pages of a book? The Eames show is an exhibition of an installation.

The lessons to be learned here are obvious. Despite star status, the designer who works most discreetly works best. A successful installation should be sensed but not noticed. It may be beautiful, but it must be true to scholarly judgment. In the best exhibitions, the installation is only a conduit, an open channel for visual communication between the viewer and the works of art.

Mary Ann Tighe

Mary Ann Tighe's text, *Art America* will be published next spring by McGraw-Hill.

Books Considered

Kissinger
The European Mind In American Policy
by Bruce Mazlish

(Basic Books; $10.95)

Henry Kissinger: The Anguish of Power
by John G. Stoessinger

(Norton; $8.95)

After eight years in power, Henry Kissinger will soon have to entrust American foreign policy to other hands. Few secretaries of state have been the subjects of so many studies during their terms in office. This profusion is a tribute both to the statesman's imagination and resourcefulness, after the years of cold war immobility, and to his complex and compelling personality. But it is also a mixed blessing. Many of the assessments were written too soon, long before those often surprising twists and turns of events and policies that have made so much of the earlier blame or praise obsolete. Those who thought Kissinger too conservative to begin to understand the grievances of the less developed countries, or the anger of black Africans in southern Africa, have been proven as wrong as those who believed that his policies under Nixon had permanently damaged our main alliances.

Two new books have now been added to the list. Both were written very near the end of Kissinger's reign. Both are the works of well-known authors. Mazlish is an intellectual historian who champions and practices psychohistory. Stoessinger is a political scientist who has written on international politics and organization, and on misperceptions among nations. Both have tried to present a balanced evaluation of Kissinger's uses of power. And yet, even a friendly reader cannot help come to the conclusion that it is still too soon, and that the best one can hope for at present is a very tentative and provisional assessment. There are many reasons for this. A statesman's achievements are fragile. It is as if a painting was not going to settle down into its real colors until long after the painter had ceased working on it: only the future will tell us whether what, today, appears shaky, such as Kissinger's détente policy, or his step-by-step diplomacy in the Middle East, will not go down as genuine diplomatic turning points, or whether some of the most applauded initiatives, such as the opening to China, will not be written off as improvisations without adequate follow-up. At present, only some of the disasters seem unmistakable, especially when their name is Viet Nam or Cyprus. Even then, there is a small chance that history might be kinder, once all the documents are known (but will they ever be, even in the age of the insatiable tapes?). We know now in what ways Bismarck's statecraft prepared the ground for 1914, in what ways Metternich's, Castlereagh's and Talleyrand's diplomacy made possible a century of peace. The views of contemporaries were different.

Moreover, this particular artist still has a good chance to add to his work. I am not thinking only of his memoirs, although they will tell us a great deal, not so much about what he did, but about what he wants us (and himself) to believe he did, and therefore about

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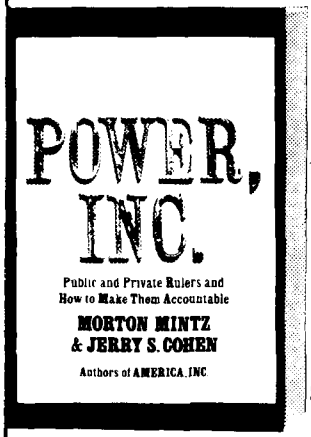

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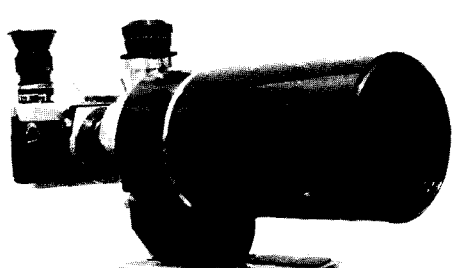

himself. He may still have opportunities for action. Men such as Senator Ribicoff and Hans Morgenthau (a frequent critic of American foreign policy but an admirer of Kissinger, whose brand of *Realpolitik* shows the same concern for equilibrium and moderation as the older man's *Politics among Nations*) have stated that the new administration would have much to gain by using the skills of the departing secretary of state. He may thus have the chance to tilt the delicate balance of applause and reprobation which the two new books, sometimes a bit awkwardly, try to maintain.

Let us therefore consider them as temporary assessments. How do they stand up? Stoessinger's book is easy to read. Its account of Kissinger's scholarship is short; it does not attempt to emulate Stephen Graubard's work which dealt with Kissinger's writings and pre-1969 career. Stoessinger spends most of his time summarizing Kissinger's foreign policy moves: Viet Nam, détente, China, the Middle East, etc. . . . The pace is brisk and the narrative is smooth, but splitting up the material in this way, and following the chronology of events in every rubric, does not allow for much analysis in depth. This does not mean that the book is bland. Stoessinger defends détente (and, in my opinion, overestimates the success of "linkage": even Kissinger, at the end, no longer claimed that the United States could oblige the Soviet Union to link, say, progress on arms control to restraint in Angola); he does not really grapple with the kinds of criticisms of détente which Theodore Draper here, or Raymond Aron abroad, have uttered. However, Stoessinger is very critical of Kissinger's policies in Viet Nam, Bangladesh, Cyprus and Portugal. He mentions his subject's long indifference to and belated concern for international economics, organizations, and development. He notes the weaknesses of Kissinger's concept of stability (a goal which, as Morgenthau has stated, was sought by, and eluded, all of America's post-war foreign policy). And yet his final judgment is warm and admiring. I have the impression that this tribute owes less to an account that often seems to point the other way, than to Stoessinger's own generous and affectionate feelings toward a man who was a co-student of his at Harvard, with whom he collaborated in the days of the International Seminar, and whom he sees as a fellow refugee and as a friend. Incidentally, the idea of the "anguish of power" reflects the author's romanticism more than Kissinger's : the latter dreamed of, and practiced, the creativity of the lone great man, but showed pretty little torment; one should not confuse a sense of historical tragedy, pessimism about human nature, a tendency to emotional ups and downs, a mix of passion and exhilaration, a talent for manipulation and a fear of failure, with anxiety or agony. . .

Bruce Mazlish's book is divided into three parts, and each one deserves a separate mention. Part three is a review of Kissinger's policy. It breaks no new ground; like Stoessinger and the other critics, he notes Kissinger's disregard for domestic politics and values. (Neither writer comments sharply enough on a fundamental paradox in Kissinger's works and actions: how could a man so keen at contrasting conservative and revolutionary statesmen and systems, believe that today's revolutionaries could sufficiently separate their domestic beliefs from their external conduct to make the emergence of a "stable structure of peace" possible? Indeed, in an age when foreign policy is the projection of domestic convictions, interests and policies, is such a separation even conceivable?). Part two, the shortest, is, in my opinion, the best. It concentrates on Kissinger's writings, and shows quite rightly that his originality was to be found neither in his conservatism, nor in his views on the cold war, but in his historical approach to international affairs, and above all in his psychological view of history: it is not deep forces and trends, but the interplay of leaders' skills, not necessity but creativity, that he cares about. (Mazlish thus shows the mix of classicism—the concern for order and balance—and romanticism which these writings reveal. One finds exactly the same in de Gaulle. *The Edge of the Sword*, like *A World Restored*, tells us a great deal about the future statecraft of the author).

Part one is the attempt at psychohistory—the most original but not the most convincing of the three parts. Mazlish stresses several themes. Some are obviously true, such as Kissinger's excellent use of patrons and connections, and his capacity to learn and grow. One is shrewd and suggestive: Kissinger's dislike or mistreatment of those who come to depend on him (this leads Mazlish to some incisive speculations about the troubles Kissinger as a statesman has had in dealing with Western Europe). One theme strikes me as very hazardous:

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Mazlish sees in Kissinger a tendency to "identify with the aggressor," and uses as evidence mainly the young Henry's rather mild behavior when he was put in charge of a district in his native Bavaria as military administrator in 1945. Another theme—which runs through the whole book—is that of the attempted, and, in Mazlish's opinion failed, synthesis between the "European mind" of Kissinger and his experience as an American; but Mazlish pursues it only half-heartedly. The book is sprinkled with hypotheses and hints. Many strike one as probably correct (for instance, about the impact of the Nazi period on Kissinger's views of society and power); and yet, there is something inconclusive about the whole effort—not merely because the record is not complete, but because one is not sure that Mazlish has a coherent and integrated view of the part of the record at his disposal. He is, throughout the book, clearly sympathetic to his subject, even when he is critical (maybe because he was relieved at finding Kissinger more attractive than Nixon, his earlier target of opportunity). And yet, the final chapter is far more negative. (It is, thus, the reverse from Stoessinger's process). To say, as Mazlish does, that he now "knows" Kissinger perhaps better than Kissinger knows himself, is both not very meaningful (strangers often know us better than we know ourselves, *in some ways*), and a singular display of hubris.

Psychohistory is a difficult art. It is difficult to avoid either reductionism or a kind of pedantic and superior diagnostic tone. Even when one has conducted a thorough investigation once the record is complete, *i.e.* after the subject's death, a successful attempt at showing the effect of character on action, the way in which style reflects personality and becomes substance, the uses to which a great figure puts even his flaws and conflicts, the manner in which he gives universal meaning to his private experience, requires the rarest kind of empathy, humility, insight and poetic artistry: we have several psychohistorians, but only one Erikson. Moreover, despite a mass of interviews, Mazlish has not met Kissinger's parents, brother, or wives. Important areas of Kissinger's life—much of his childhood, or his relations to women, or even his manipulation of bureaucracy— receive no new illuminations from Mazlish, who is often reduced to generalities or to mere assumptions and suspicions, or to confessing his inability to find out.

As seen through these books, as well as in the earlier works of David Landau, Graubard or the brothers Kalb, Kissinger's personality remains as elusive as his policies. Is he the "man of character" he thought he was? Did he have a genuine design when he came to office, or did he merely improvise, with more flair for the dramatic than for the durable? Does his skill as a negotiator reflect more than a remarkable psychological talent of concentrated persuasion and shrewd understanding of his partners? How did the courtier and the strongly independent will, the conservative thinker and the pragmatic operator, the student of 19th century diplomacy and the product of 20th century upheavals, the man of strong emotions and the ruthless performer of *Realpolitik* blend in him? Does he belong in the gallery of great statesmen, or was he merely—like Nixon—a desperately ardent admirer and imitator of greatness? No statesman is without detractors, and even the most celebrated ones remain controversial: remember Tolstoy's view of Napoleon. Kissinger is notoriously sensitive to criticism. Let this be a consolation to him: the kinds of questions he provokes are not the ones that are asked of trivial figures, even if the first attempts to reply are uneven, the provisional answers are equivocal, and the final ones may never come.

Stanley Hoffmann

Stanley Hoffmann is professor of government at Harvard.

Remaking Foreign Policy: The Organizational Connection by Graham Allison and Peter Szanton

(Basic Books; $10.95)

This book is a product of the new school of "Bureaucratic Analysis", the *dernier cri* in the chaotic undiscipline of political science. Developed in full form in earlier writings by Morton Halperin and Graham Allison, Bureaucratic Analysis, or BA for short, offers an alternative to the conventional view of state policy, which depicts governments as monolithic entities. In the conventional phraseology of columnists and professors, governments are said to "want" things (because it is in their "national interest"), and countries are even said to "hope" or "fear" this or that, as so many characters in the continuing melodrama of international politics. Instead of trying to explain state policy as the product of rational decisions made by an abstract entity called "the government," the BA approach stresses the divergence in the goals of the different departments of government, and depicts state policy as the net outcome of the contending pressures of competing bureaucracies. It was of course the Vietnam war which inspired the BA school of thought: much of what was done in that conflict cannot be explained at all as the manifestation of rational decisions made at the national level while virtually everything can be explained very well in the narrower frame of the separate military services and their bureaucratic urges. The persistence of the US Army in fielding its outsize divisions in a war of small engagements, the Air Force's energetic pursuit of tactical bombing against

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insignificant targets, the great Okinawa-style amphibious assault of the Marines against a beach totally undefended, all of these defy rational explanation as *American* actions, while being perfectly consistent with the bureaucratic interests of each service. This required above all that the traditional missions and forces be protected against budget-cutters by being shown to be valid and important, even in Vietnam.

Generalizing from such observations, the BA crowd proceeded to dissect the government into its component parts, developing a catalog of the roles and missions which each bureaucracy (or sub-bureaucracy) will seek to promote. Only one assumption is needed to turn bureaucratic charts into models of policy-formation. But this is a huge assumption: that the President and his boys, Congress and informed opinion will *allow* the bureaucrats to dominate the stage, without interfering in their endless pursuit of institutional aggrandizement. This assumption was too easily made in the early writings of the BA school. In fact the new science invented by Halperin, Allison *et. al.*, emerged on the scene on the very eve of the radical foreign-policy departures of 1971-1972, which invalidated many of its claims. The BA theory would have told us that China policy would be shaped by the conflict and cooperation of the State Department's Chinese and Soviet desks, of the higher-ups, of the CIA, of the office of International Security Affairs in the Pentagon and so on; the theory would have told us that recalcitrant bureaucrats would obstruct major innovation by using every trick in the book, from leaks to plain obstruction (Halperin has published a full catalog of such tactics); and, finally, the BA theory would have told us that the opening of relations with China would be a slow process, which would have to include full-dress debates both in and out of the government. Instead we saw Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger acting in total isolation from the whole stucture of the government, served only by a handful of aides whose own micro-interests, if any, did not affect policy at all. On the surface, the BA theory would have served us rather well as a guide to decisions in the Strategic Arms Limitation talks, but had we followed the prescribed merry-go-round of State, Joint Chiefs, USAF, OSD and Navy goals, missions and ambitions, we would have been on the wrong track, for the bureaucratic track did not count for much in the two-track policy of Dr. Kissinger, who relied on a "back-channel" which was exclusively personal.

Naturally the exponents of BA seek to redeem their theory by depicting the White House, NSC and a larger-than-life secretary of state as bureaucratic actors too, and one can patch the theory further by introducing Congressional "actors", and even non-government actors (*e.g.* the major lobbies). But the principles of recycling should never be applied to science, even social science: bad theories should be junked, not salvaged. For the BA theories can only explain if there are *fixed* roles and *fixed* missions to protect while the White House or Dr. Kissinger are not committed to any fixed role at all: they merely have the fixed intention of controlling the flow of events.

This then is the flawed background of *Remaking Foreign Policy*. Graham Allison and Peter Szanton have written their reformist program for the 1977 administration from a perspective heavily influenced by BA, but their book is much better than the underlying theory partly because the authors heavily qualify its import. Their fundamental thesis is that our policy making would improve if the structure of government could be made to fit the salient issues which arise in foreign affairs (just as battles have a way of taking place at the juncture of separate maps the major issues of the day rarely seem to fall within the clear jurisdiction of any one department, let alone one thoroughly organized to deal with the issue). The authors strongly suggest that a better organization of government would enable even mediocre leaders to pull us through: given the right structures, even unbrilliant competence should suffice to do the job. In this vein, the authors address the salient issues, and their organizational implications: foreign economic policy, now mutilated by the rival jurisdictions of State, Treasury, Commerce, *et al;* Defense, where the perpetual problem is the imbalance between national priorities and the intra-service power structure, where the institutional weight of each command is a function of its *past* deeds, rather than of present needs; intelligence, deeply troubled and yet necessary—the authors' plan of reform, like the more fully developed scheme proposed by Dr. Ray Cline, would insulate the operational end of the business from intelligence analysis, while giving due scope for both under supervision of a congressional oversight committee which would truly oversee.

Before addressing these somewhat shopworn but still unresolved issues, the authors tackle the harder and—for the organizational-minded—more salient questions of presidential power and congressional action. Significantly the authors' tone is different in the two chapters, sternly professorial when dealing with the Presidential role, while being gently educational when dealing with the sphere of Congress. The fundamental problem of each is ultimately insoluble: the presidential powers are either too wide if unfettered or else too rigidly constrained, if constrained at all. For Congress of course, the elusive goal is to find scope for a genuine participation in national policy-making without actually *making* policy, which the legislators can do readily enough, but rarely well.

It is impossible to summarize usefully the arguments of the authors in each case: the subject demands a highly detailed treatment if any advance is to be made over the commonplace observations of hundreds of vapid editorials on the "imperial presidency," "congressional impotence", "CIA oversight" and so on. Not in any way inspired, this book still deserves to be read; it is that *rara avis*, a work of contemporary American politics which is actually useful.

Edward N. Luttwak

Edward N. Luttwak is associate director of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research at Johns Hopkins.

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Henry Wallace, Harry Truman And The Cold War

by Richard J. Walton

(Viking; $12.95)

Hard as it may be to believe, there was once an election campaign where foreign policy really was an issue. When the "debate" was not over which party would be more standfast in resisting the perilous threats and the insidious pressures of the Communist megalith. When discussion did not focus on which party was more "moral": the one that started the Vietnam war, or the one that zealously pursued it for an extra four years; the one that hailed the demise of democracy in Brazil or the one that actively helped overthrow it in Chile.

There was once such a campaign. But it took place far back in the dim origins of the cold war, long before half the population of America was even born. For many the election campaign of 1948 is ancient history. And if remembered at all, it is generally for Harry Truman's surprise victory over the smugly confident Thomas Dewey. But there was a third man in the field. Henry Wallace, Franklin Roosevelt's Vice President during the third term, and for a time his heir-presumptive, pulled out of the Democratic party and ran on the Progressive ticket.

No one thought he had a chance, not even Wallace himself. But the purpose of the campaign was not to win. It was to dramatize the issues. For Wallace there was only one basic issue: whether the United States should pursue a policy which in his view was leading to repression of civil liberties at home, support of dictatorships abroad, military intervention to suppress revolution, and a spiraling arms race that would stifle all efforts at domestic reform.

Not many listened at the time. The cold war consensus had taken root. Truman had pushed through his "loyalty" program, called for military aid to Greece and Turkey, and decided to preserve America's monopoly of the atomic bomb. The Russians for their part had stamped out freedom in Czechoslovakia, consolidated their stranglehold over Eastern Europe, and proceeded to build their own atomic bomb. By 1948 a trench was sunk down the middle of Europe, the victors were wooing the vanquished to join them in a struggle against their late allies. The cold war was in full gear and few questioned its assumptions—least of all the great majority of American liberals who eagerly signed up for the duration.

A cold war "revisionist" at a time when the policies questioned by a later generation were still being formed, Henry Wallace has been resuscitated. Some see him as a prophet whose words, if heeded, could have changed American policy and with it the disasters of the cold war. Others consider him a crank who was a dupe of the Communists and of his own naïveté and corny mysticism. Both views seem to have merit.

As a critic of dogma that even such cold war careerists as Richard Nixon and his appointed heir have found it expedient to ignore—as in pilgrimages to Peking, wheat deals, and oaths of fealty at Helsinki—Wallace was a good deal ahead of his time. He stood against Harriman, Byrnes and Forrestal when they prodded Truman to reverse FDR's wartime policy of cooperation with Moscow, opposed the Baruch plan and the Truman Doctrine, urged normal trade relations with the Soviet Union, condemned US economic exploitation of Latin America, recognized that spheres of influence was the pre-condition of peaceful coexistence, and resisted Churchill's efforts to enlist the United States into an anti-Soviet alliance to save the British Empire. By the fall of 1946 he had become such an embarrassment, with his calls for Soviet-American rapprochement, that Truman fired him as Secretary of Commerce.

Ousted but unsilenced, he became editor of *The New Republic*, traveled around the country and the world denouncing the drift toward war, and decided he could best promulgate his views by running against Truman in 1948. The press, in thrall to the prevailing cold war consensus, treated him as a crackpot and a dupe of the Communists. Cold war liberals, having ensconced themselves firmly in the "vital center," denigrated him as a mystic and a fellow traveler. With the liberals running for cover, Communists and their sympathizers took over a prominent role in the Progressive party. By the time of the election Wallace had been effectively boxed in as an extremist. The threat from the left to Truman's cold war consensus failed abysmally. Wallace polled barely a million votes, running slightly behind Gov. Strom Thurmond on the Dixiecrat ticket. The consensus would not be challenged again for another 20 years.

Wallace's bid not only failed to turn around American policy—it had no appreciable effect on it at all. The current revival of interest in Wallace is more an effort of nostalgia than of historical reassessment. What is appealing about Wallace is his utter honesty, his lack of pretense, his decency, and his courage in pursuing a course that subjected him to ridicule and ostracism. Politicians who are today revered as statesmen are saying things less critical of communism than Henry Wallace did.

There is something greatly appealing about a man who was talking simple sense at a time when most liberals were screaming gibberish. But for all his sense, there is something ethereal about Henry Wallace. Part of it is due to a free-floating religiosity that bordered on mysticism. Part to a naïveté that allowed him to lose control of his own party. And part of it rests on his own isolation from power and decision-making, an isolation that led him to see issues through a single lens. If Wallace saw the short-

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comings of American policy with terrible clarity, he seemed almost blind to the brutality and repression practiced by the Soviets within their own sphere of influence.

An acerbic critic, Henry Wallace was less successful as a policy analyst. In this respect he makes an interesting contrast with Walter Lippmann who was one of the few liberals to question the Truman administration's cold war diplomacy. The difference was that Lippmann was not blind to Soviet blame, and unlike Wallace he chose to exercise his influence from within the Establishment. Which critic was more successful makes an interesting conjecture. Which was bolder is obvious.

There is something enormously appealing in the sight of a man embracing a lost cause. This is perhaps part of the reason for the recent spate of interest in Wallace. It would seem to be what persuaded Richard Walton to write this account of Wallace's 1948 campaign. As footnote this is a fascinating story. It would have been a good deal better, however, had Walton stepped back from his material and not let his admiration for Wallace overwhelm his presentation of the issues. The huge chunks from Wallace's speeches and writings, the editorial approval of his views, the tendency to take Wallace too much on his own terms, have a numbing effect. What is missing is a sense of Wallace as a person responding to events. Perhaps it is true, as John Morton Blum has written in editing the Wallace diaries, that his speeches and writings say less about the man than his diary entries. But the undiluted public man becomes too saintly, and what would have been particularly welcome here is a sense of the feel and smell of the 1948 campaign.

What emerges is not a man so much as an issue. But the issue is one still very much with us. In showing us Henry Wallace the prophet, Walton has reminded us that there were those who did not always take the cold war for granted, and if a man were bold enough he could even wage a presidential campaign on foreign policy. That, not Henry Wallace, is what now seems like ancient history.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel is the author of several books on foreign policy.

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Advocacy and Objectivity: A Crisis in the Professionalization of American Social Science 1865-1905 by Mary O. Furner

(University Press of Kentucky; $17.50)

At the same time that methods from the social sciences are penetrating historiography, historians are turning a critical eye upon social science—not as a tool to use—but as a part of politics and culture to study. Social scientists themselves have been fitfully aware that they play a part in political life, even when they claim most fervently to be outside it. Indeed, the very claim to an objectivity above politics has been attacked within social science in recent years. Critics have charged that when leaders of social science disciplines define certain approaches "in" as objective science or "out" as ideology, they control the political influence of different points of view.

Now a historian, Mary Furner, makes it clear that this political-methodological certification began with the earliest professionalization of social science in America. *Advocacy and Objectivity*, winner of the 1973 Frederick Jackson Turner Prize of the Organization of American Historians, tells how American social science professionalized at the end of the 19th century. Its doctoral dissertation origins show: it is too committed to the dull details of manuscript sources to attract many general readers. Still, it is clearly written and Furner wisely fixes on a few relatively dramatic events—the origins of professional associations in economics, political science, and sociology, and key controversies over academic freedom.

Her story begins with the founding of the American Social Science Association in 1865. The ASSA represented all social scientists regardless of their training or lack of it and regardless of whether they saw reform or reflection as the chief mission of the social sciences. For the most part, early social scientists did not recognize profound conflict between the advocacy of political causes and objectivity in social research.

But by 1909 the ASSA—amateur, unspecialized and without a base in the increasingly powerful universities—was dead. The action was in the new professional associations. Richard Ely, who favored an advocacy role for social science, founded the American Economics Association in 1885 and wrote into its charter a statement opposing the doctrine of laissez faire. Laissez-faire economists refused to join the Association and by their boycott forced the anti-laissez faire platform to be dropped in 1888. Ely was forced out of the Association's secretaryship. By the time the American Political Science Association was founded in 1904, advocacy was out of fashion: the APSA asserted that it would not "assume a partisan position upon any question of practical politics."

What had happened? The Haymarket affair of 1886, the Pullman strike, the Populist movement, and the Bryan campaign of 1896 made wielders of power fearful of labor insurrection. One expression of their fear came in efforts to remove outspoken university professors from their jobs. Universities in the 1880s and 1890s were, more than at any time before or at most times since, subservient to the "moneyed interests." Trustees were less often church fathers than robber barons. It is not surprising that key attacks on academic freedom in those decades were initiated or pushed by Mrs. Leland Stanford, sole trustee at Stanford, Henry Sage, lumber baron and chairman of the board at Cornell, and trustees at the Rockefeller-endowed University of Chicago.

The outcome of the attacks differed from case to case. Furner argues that various personal, regional and institutional affiliations and loyalties

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within social science explain why different social scientists fared differently when under fire. True enough, but Furner flounders here in the wash of details and loses track of her most important findings. Whether or not the professors actually lost their jobs because of their publicly-stated sympathies for labor, they learned some lessons when their advocacy role was challenged. They learned to stick within the range of what Furner calls "permissible dissent." They learned to narrow the focus of the questions they asked. They learned that to ensure their jobs they must attend to their reputation within the profession, not their appeal to the public.

One could still speak on political issues publicly if one took the right stand. Political scientists felt free to do research in support of existing government but refused to advocate reforms which threatened the status quo. The mainstream of social scientists, to establish the security of their own profession, frowned upon the antagonists of left and right within their ranks whose open battles weakened the authority of the whole profession in the public eye. By the turn of the century, the social science professions had established themselves as "clearinghouses" for experts, certifying by reputation those persons who would be safe for non-professionals—especially the government—to listen to.

Furner reports all this but slights it. Just when she might have made a stronger argument, she accepts the gloss of contemporary social science. She takes it for granted that a high level of technical expertise made professionals "indispensable to modern life." Yet the question is: what is the definition of the professional and why? Henry Carter Adams was some kind of specialist in the 1880s when he supported the Knights of Labor against the railroads; later—after Cornell dismissed him for his statements on labor—he was employed as an expert on railroad rates by the ICC. Richard Ely, traumatized by the University of Wisconsin's investigation of his advocacy of labor's cause, gave up his interest in labor economics, stopped publishing with Chautauqua, and ultimately returned to the American Economics Association he had founded, exchanging "advocacy for acceptability" in Furner's words. It seems to me that these academic freedom cases are much more than exemplary and dramatic: they molded the idea of a profession in social science by fixing in the minds of academics the boundaries of acceptable activity. It may well be that specialized roles are indispensable to modern life, but what is better established by the historical record is that political conflict *made* specialization indispensable to persons who valued their reputations and their jobs.

Michael Schudson

Michael Schudson teaches sociology at the University of Chicago.

The Back of the Book

Baby Look at You Now

Arthur Fonzarelli, the hood on *Happy Days* whose characteristic gesture changed the thumbs of America, is available as a Fonz doll, "with thumbs up action." Jaime Sommers, *The Bionic Woman*, comes in a "Bionic Beauty Salon" to prepare for her evening out with another doll, Steve Austin, *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Evel Kneivel (along with Robby Kneivel, "teen-age stunt man"), O. J. Simpson, and Muhammad Ali—not television stars exactly, but whose stardoms were made on televison—also come in dolls, as do Cher and Captain Kangaroo. There's a *Star Trek* "tri-corder" on which you can listen to the voices of Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock; a *S.W.A.T.* "clicker gun and handcuff set"; an *Emergency* "rescue squad with fire hose." Joey Stivic, the grandson of Archie Bunker, is a baby doll.

With Christmas money in sight, these toys are advertised furiously on television, particularly on Saturday mornings between cartoons, along with non-television toys such as "The Now Look Ken," "Ballerina Barbie," "Rub-a-Dub-Dolly," "Happy Birthday Tender Love," Pressman's "Monster Make-up Kit" complete with "flex flesh," a doll that says prayers, and "Don't Cry Baby," who "cries for five minutes unless you stop her" (how?). Besides idiocy both sets of toys have in common a delimitation of function and possibility which

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toy makers have aimed at for the past few years. It may seem that a doll who wets a bed or delivers a bowel movement ("Baby Alive") is especially endowed, and represents an advance on dolls more self-contained. In fact, the special function is the sole function. Last year a company produced a female doll who grew breasts when her arm was twisted (perhaps suggesting that flat-chested girls are merely reluctant). Breast-growing was what the doll could do—*all* it could do.

Dolls and other toys became an important part of western culture in the late 17th and early 18th centuries, when the philosophical attitude toward children grew kinder. Until that time children were regarded as sinners, best for beating. By the mid 1700s children's literature was a full-fledged genre with an educational mission. The historian J. H. Plumb says in the autumn *Horizon* that children's books were first designed "to attract adults, to project an image of those virtues that parents wished to inculcate in their offspring, as well as to beguile the child." Toys too projected an adult image, if not of virtue, then of industrial progress—mechanical marvels that prefigured a revolutionary world. Playing cards and jigsaw puzzles were used to teach history and geography. There were toy water mills, printing presses, looms. Dolls were dressed as elegant grown-ups in organdy, taffeta and silk.

Clearly the people who made these toys presumed that children had a various imaginative life in front of them, one which adults had a responsibility to announce. The automaton "Grand Turk" in the seraglio dress who smoked and walked about a table in the 1770s may seem no more narrowly functional than "Don't Cry Baby," but the Turk was a curiosity of the future. "Don't Cry Baby" gives children the present, restricted to tears. It is a world away even from bisque dolls made 70 years ago, with their large, deep eyes, mixed in color, sometimes frightening in their vacancies or non-directedness, though not blind or blank. The mouths were small, often open a touch as if talking; the face three-quarters cheeks. Was it a child's expression or someone of 20? Those dolls were ambiguous, mysterious, a statement of possibility.

Whatever we invent for children must have something to do with what we think of ourselves. Poems written to children often speak for an entire period of thought, such as Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight," 1798, in which the poet wished a pure, city-free life for his son Hartley. In 1919 Yeats, in "A Prayer for my Daughter" hoped that his girl would grow into a graceful aristocrat, the image of the image of her dad. In 1939 Dylan Thomas told his son Llewelyn in "This Side of the Truth" that everything dies "in unjudging love." He was making the modern case for relative good, seeking both exoneration from his boy and a future of universal unjudgment. In "The Fortress," 1961, Anne Sexton watched her little girl nap, said that "life is not in my hands," and promised her "love. Time will not take away that."

Sexton's offer is the latest, very much the offer of the '60s and '70s, and the offer of these new toys as well. What are we saying to children by intentionally delimiting their imaginations but "good luck"? God knows, we wouldn't want to slip them the notion that the future has possibilities, or impose the suggestion of complicated experience on their free little souls. Better to give them television, the imagination in a box, and toys that hypnotize with quirks and supernatures. Jaime awaits Steve; no ambiguity here.

It might be possible to knock off these toys by pitting them against each other. Jaime awaits Steve, but The Now Look Ken arrives instead. Steve enters, furious, and takes the law into his own expensive hands, a case for S.W.A.T. In the battle that follows, involving all superheroes, the "babies" must fend for themselves; only the praying doll and "Baby Alive" are armed, so to speak. This still leaves the Fonz and Cher, but it's a start. Even so, the possibilities are limited. The flat ancient Egyptian doll in the British Museum, with mudbeads for hair, could do more damage.

Some etymologists think that "doll" comes from "idol," both because of the sound, and because dolls have always been associated with magic and superstition. It's too much to say that dolls and toys are our idols again—though TV dolls suggest otherwise—but their deadening specialist functions are surely a sign of the times. If there is an idol before us these days, it is the belief that separation from one's fellows, whether it takes specialization or some other form, is good for you, good for the country, good for small fry, to whom one promises love. Maybe the new toys are idols in that sense, these figures that stare back at our children from the shallows of their isolation: here's looking at you, kid.

Roger Rosenblatt

Henry Fairlie Blushes

There are times when one can only blush at what is more than a slip (see "The Democrats," *TNR*, October 30). The increasing association of Michael Harrington, the Socialist, with the Democratic party, his belief that democratic Socialists should work as a recognizable force within it, and his pronouncement that "We believe that the left wing of realism is found today in the Democratic party" (*Newsletter of the Democratic Left*, March 1973), made me elevate my point and elevate him to Congress. I had also had him as a Socialist candidate for President, which he was not. If an apology to him is not in order, it is certainly due to Congressman Michael Harrington. I suggest that he and we adopt the procedure of Winston Churchill, the British politician, who on discovering that he was being confused with Winston Churchill, a second-rate American novelist, immediately included his middle initial in his name. If he was willing to be Winston S. Churchill, could not the congressman be Michael J. Harrington? I would add that I am not alone in my error. It is to be found in the index to *The Democrats* by Herbert Parmet, in which references to the two Michael Harringtons are lumped together under one entry. Two roses with the same name are still roses. —*H.F.*

Correction

There was a typographical error in the last sentence of Alfred Kazin's essay, "Mr. Bellow's Planet" (*TNR*, November 6). It should have read: "But the language of the heart has not been avoided." We regret the mistake.

—*The Editors*

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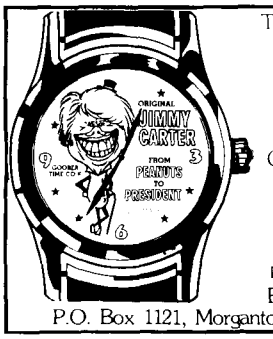

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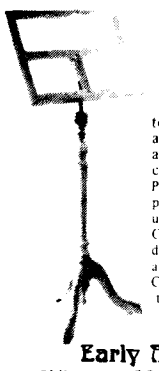

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